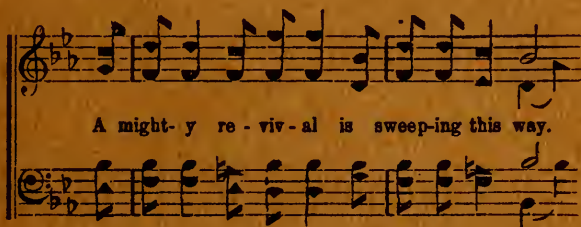


Revival Melodies

SHAPED NOTE EDITION

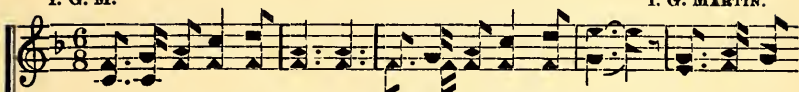


Revival Melodies

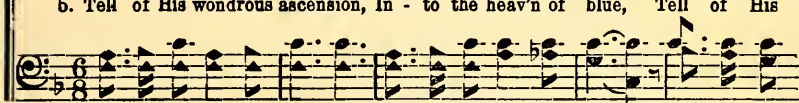
No. 1. Tell It Wherever You Go.

I. G. M.

I. G. MARTIN.

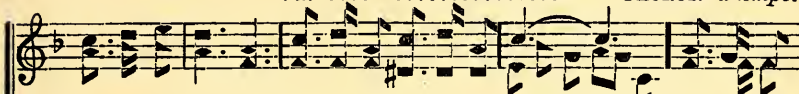


1. Car - ry the mes - sage with you, That a lost world may know Sto - ry of
 2. Tell of His birth so low - ly, Tell how He walked the sea, Tell how He
 3. Tell of the cru - el mock - ings, Tell of Geth - sem - a - ne, Tell how He
 4. Tell where at last they laid Him, There in the rock - hewn grave; Tell how He
 5. Tell of His wondrous ascension, In - to the heav'n of blue, Tell of His



rit......

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

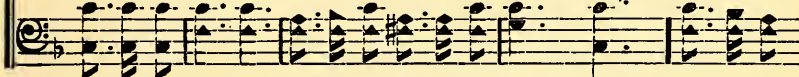


Je - sus most precious, Tell it wher - ev - er you go.....
 taught His dis - ci - ples Down by the blue Gal - i - lee.
 died on Mount Cal - v'ry, Died there for you and for me.
 came forth triumphant, Je - sus, the Might - y to save!
 com - ing a - gain soon, Com - ing for me and for you.

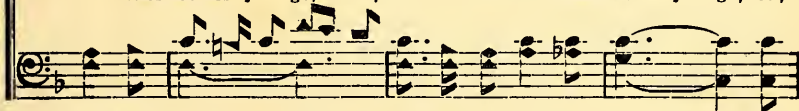
wher - ev - er you go. Oh,

Tell it wher -

Oh,

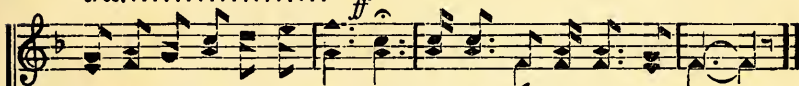


e'er you go, Tell it wher - e'er you go,
 wher - ev - er you go, Oh, wher - ev - er you go, Oh,

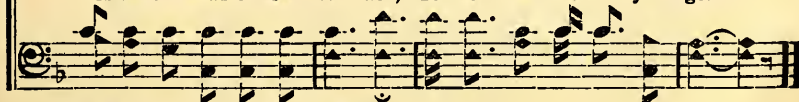


cres......

ff



Publish the news of sal - va - tion, Tell it wher - ev - er you go.

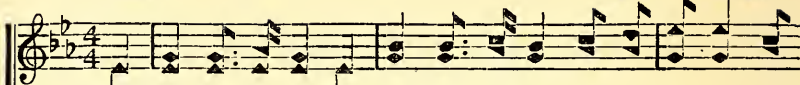


No. 2.



A Mighty Revival.

N. B. HERRELL.

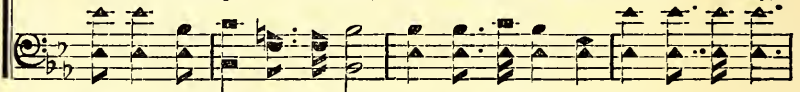

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. The Saints have been weep-ing, pray-ing for years, For a might-y re -
 2. The world has been wait-ing, seek-ing for light, For a might-y re -
 3. The lost ones are sink-ing, dy-ing for love, For a might-y re -
 4. We'll toil for the Mas-ter, win-ning lost souls In a might-y re -

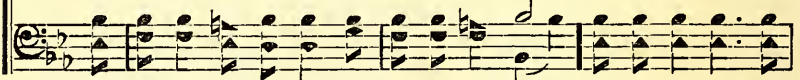




viv-al; God bot-tled their tears, Now for the reap-ing, trust and o-bey.
 viv-al to ban-ish her night; Rise up O Zi-on, en-ter the fray.
 viv-al, sent down from a-bove; Saints, get the vis-ion, work while you may,
 viv-al God's Spir-it con-trols; Win men for Je-sus, win them to-day,





CHORUS.

A might-y re-viv-al is sweep-ing this way. Sweeping this way, Yes,

sweeping this way, A might-y re-viv-al is sweeping this way; Keep on be



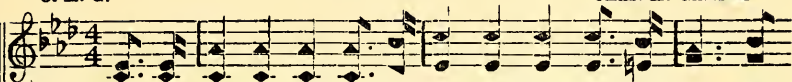

liev-ing, trust and o-bey, A might-y re-viv-al is sweep-ing this way.



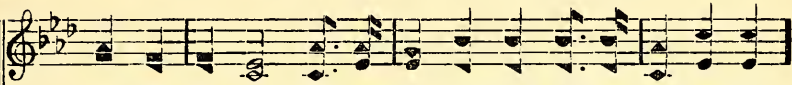
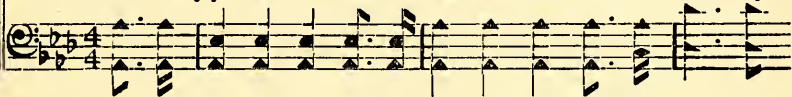
No. 3. Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

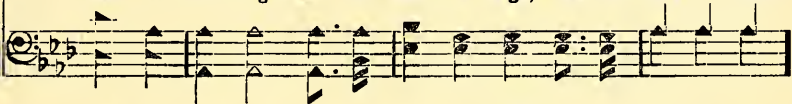
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my



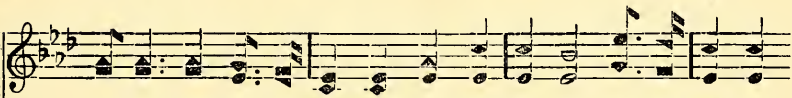
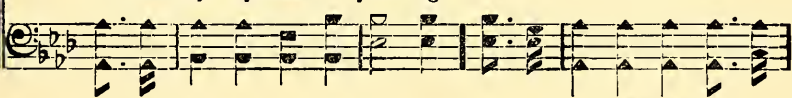
old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls. and my Sav - iour calls,
will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—



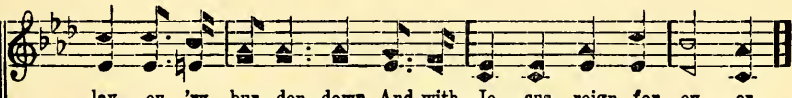
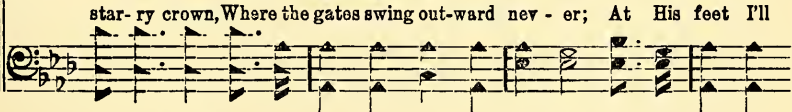
CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed.
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.

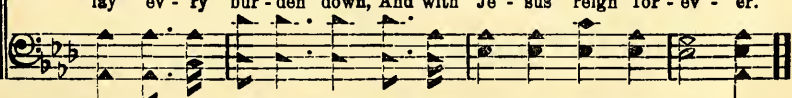
I'll ex - change my cross for a



star - ry crown, Where the gates swing out - ward nev - er; At His feet I'll



lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

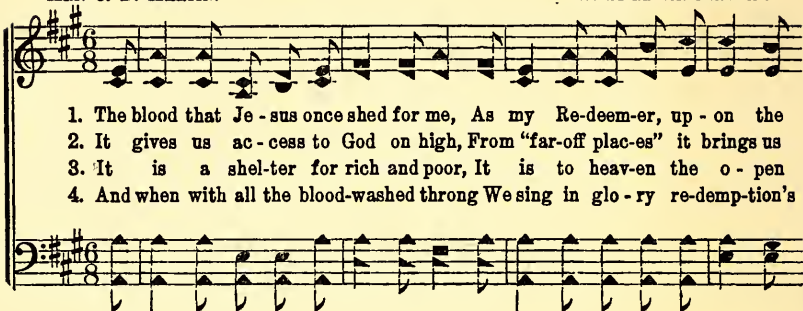


No. 4. The Blood Will Never Lose Its Power.

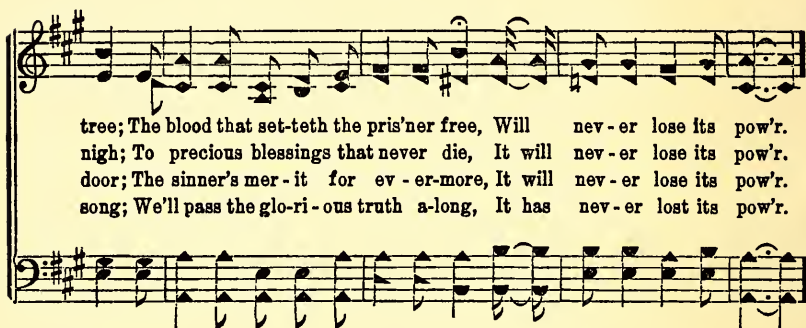
MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

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W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

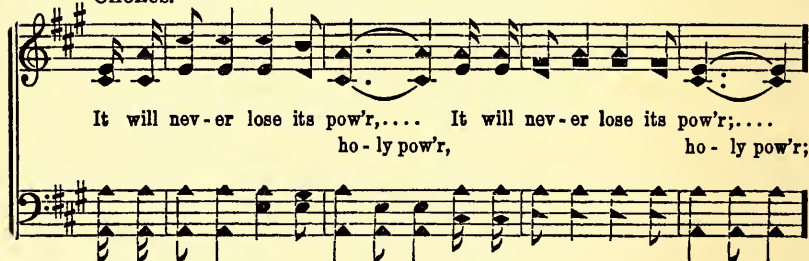


1. The blood that Je - sus once shed for me, As my Re-deem-er, up - on the
2. It gives us ac - cess to God on high, From "far-off plac-es" it brings us
3. It is a shel-ter for rich and poor, It is to heav-en the o - pen
4. And when with all the blood-washed throng We sing in glo - ry re-demp-tion's

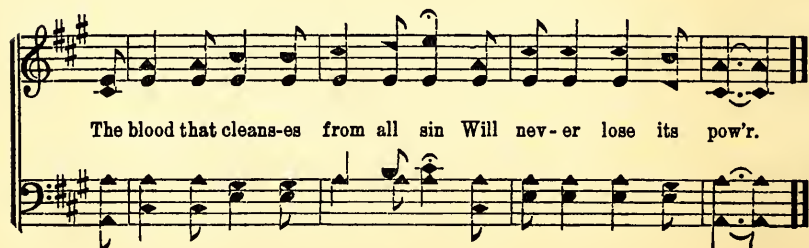


tree; The blood that set-teth the pris-ner free, Will nev-er lose its pow'r.
nigh; To precious blessings that never die, It will nev-er lose its pow'r.
door; The sinner's mer-it for ev-er-more, It will nev-er lose its pow'r.
song; We'll pass the glo-ri-ous truth a-long, It has nev-er lost its pow'r.

CHORUS.



It will nev-er lose its pow'r,... It will nev-er lose its pow'r;...
ho - ly pow'r, ho - ly pow'r;



The blood that cleans-es from all sin Will nev-er lose its pow'r.


No. 5. Come to the Feast.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
 2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
 3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come
 4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world - ly

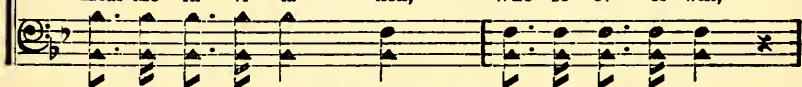
spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
 wide; A place of hon - or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.
 thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor - row may nev - er be.
 strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.



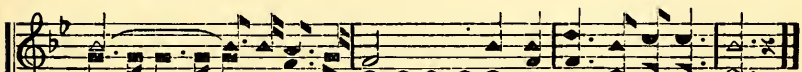
CHORUS.



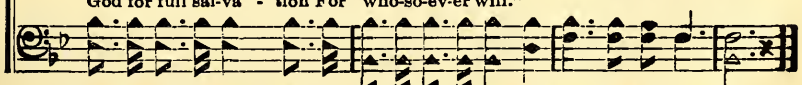
Hear..... the in - vi - ta - tion, Come,
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"




"who - so - ev - er will," Praise
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise

God..... for full sal - va - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."
 God for full sal - va - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."



No. 6. 'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

MRS. C. H. M.

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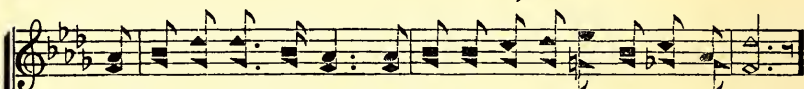
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



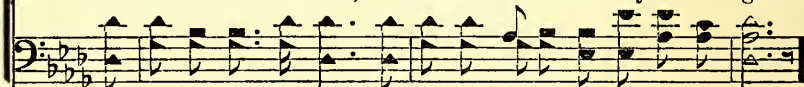
1. I heard God's voice commanding, "go up the land pos-sess," And
2. The land I'm now ex-plor-ing and get-ting far - ther in, And
3. This land of peace and plen-ty is yours by faith to claim, There's



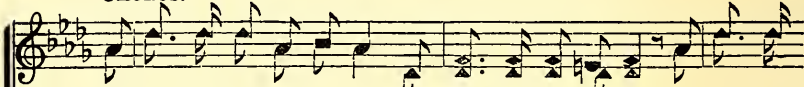
trust-ing in His grace I fol-lowed on; From Egypt's cru-el bondage
tenting t'ward the highlands ev'ry day; Still farther from the lowlands
per-fect love and rest from in-bred sin, Its mountain heights possessing



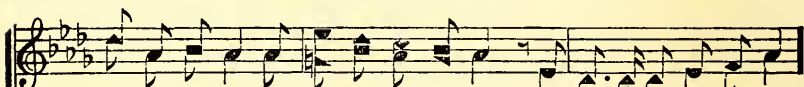
and from the wil-der-ness, From Kad-esh in-to Ca-naan I have gone.
of un - be-lief and sin, From glo-ry un - to glo-ry all the way.
thro' faith in Jesus' name, Cross o-ver and the vic-t'ry life be - gin.



CHORUS.



'Tis good to live in Canaan where grapes of Eschol grow; 'Tis good to



live in Canaan where milk and honey flow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan



'Tis Good to Live in Canaan. Concluded.

and full sal - va - tion know, I find it good to live in Ca - naan.

No. 7. Marching On.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright; We will work for God and
2. In the Sun-day School our ar - my we pre-pare, As we ral - ly round our
3. We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize, To a glo - rious crown be-

D.C.—We are marching onward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where

bat - tle for the right; We will praise His name, re-joic-ing in His might; And we'll
blessed standard there; And the Saviour's cross we ear - ly learn to bear, While we
yond the glowing skies; To the ra-diant fields where pleasure never dies, And we'll

liv - ing waters flow; Come and join the ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and

FINE. REFRAIN.

work till Je-sus calls. } Then a-wake, then a-wake, Hap-py song, hap-py
work till Je-sus calls. } Then awake, then awake, Happy song,
work till Je-sus calls. }

work till Jesus calls.

D. C.

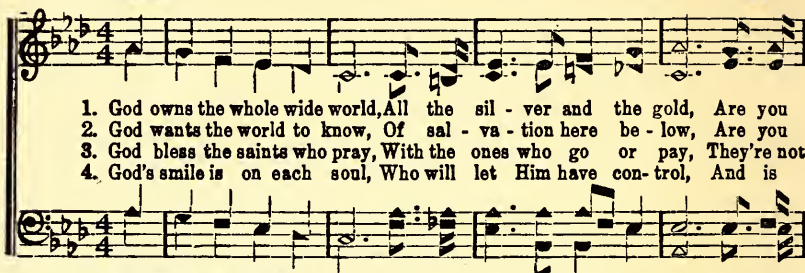
song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad-ly march a - long;
happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy,

No. 8.

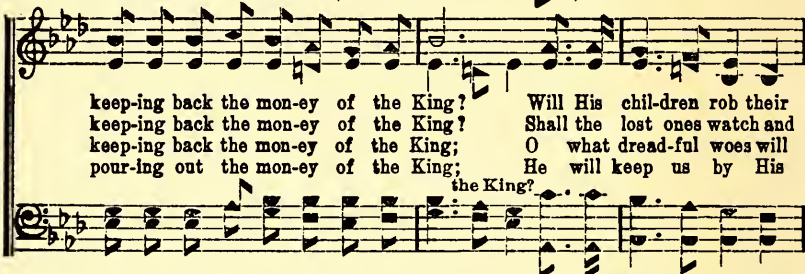
The Money of the King.

N. B. HERRELL.

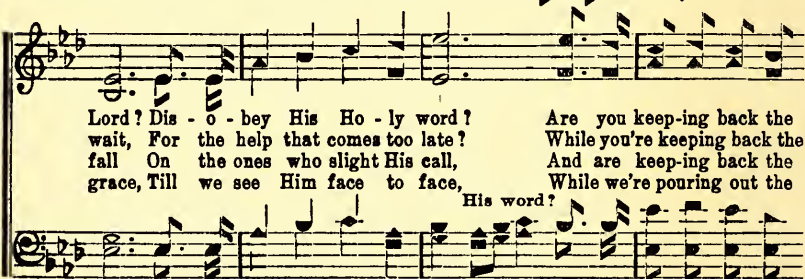
JOHN E. MOORE.



1. God owns the whole wide world, All the sil - ver and the gold, Are you
 2. God wants the world to know, Of sal - va - tion here be - low, Are you
 3. God bless the saints who pray, With the ones who go or pay, They're not
 4. God's smile is on each soul, Who will let Him have con - trol, And is

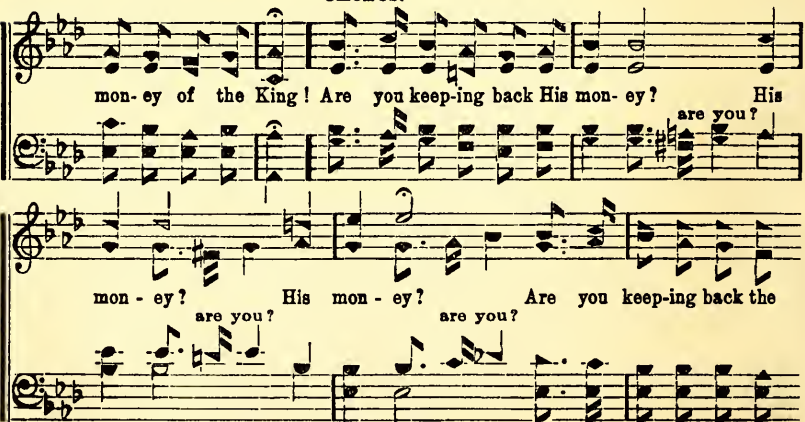


keep - ing back the mon - ey of the King? Will His chil - dren rob their
 keep - ing back the mon - ey of the King? Shall the lost ones watch and
 keep - ing back the mon - ey of the King; O what dread - ful woes will
 pour - ing out the mon - ey of the King; He will keep us by His
 the King?



Lord? Dis - o - bey His Ho - ly word? Are you keep - ing back the
 wait, For the help that comes too late? While you're keeping back the
 fall On the ones who slight His call, And are keep - ing back the
 grace, Till we see Him face to face, While we're pouring out the
 His word?

CHORUS.



mon - ey of the King! Are you keep - ing back His mon - ey? His
 are you?
 mon - ey? His mon - ey? Are you keep - ing back the
 are you? are you?

The Money of the King. Concluded.

mon - ey of the King? What can you an - swer, friend? When be -
fore His throne you stand, If you keep back the mon - ey of the King.

No. 9. Nearer, Still Nearer.

O. H. M.

Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges ev - er to be Near - er, my

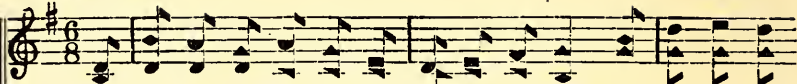
safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Say - iour, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee.

No. 10.

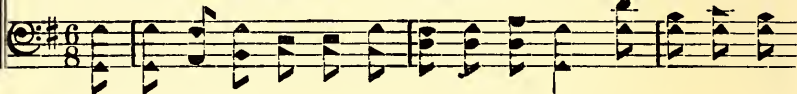
I Walk With the King.

JAMES ROWE.

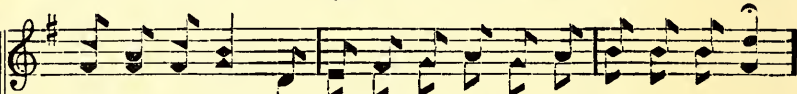
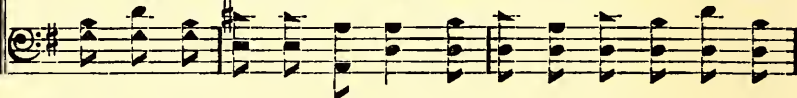
B. D. ACKLEY.



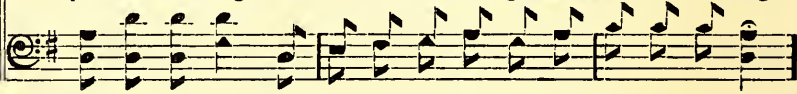
1. In sor-row I wan-dered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
 2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
 3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let



hap-py-se-cure-ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
 help me-no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
 Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to



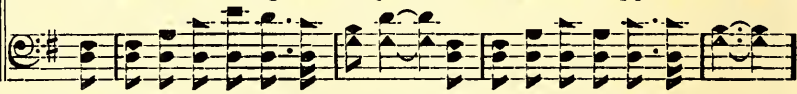
car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
 sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
 you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.



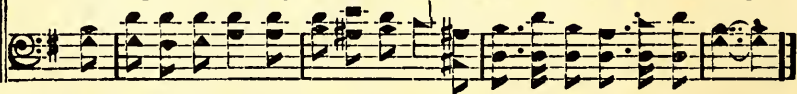
CHORUS.



I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!



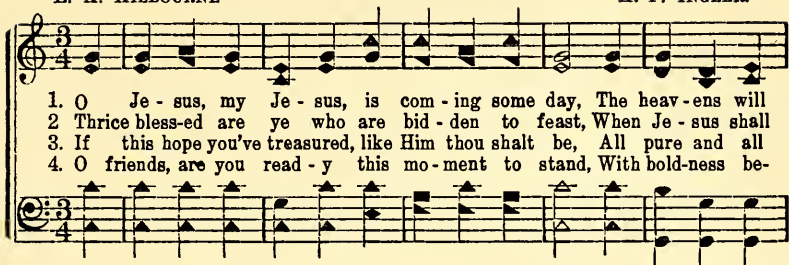
No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.



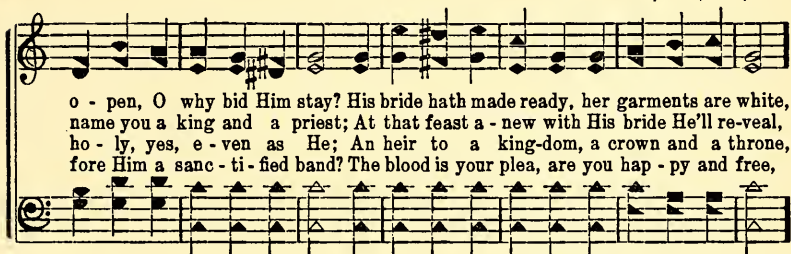
No. 11. He's Coming Some Day.

E. A. KILBOURNE

A. F. INGLER.

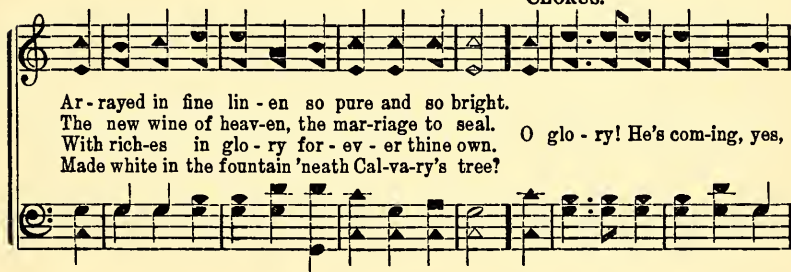


1. O Je - sus, my Je - sus, is com - ing some day, The heav - ens will
 2 Thrice bless - ed are ye who are bid - den to feast, When Je - sus shall
 3. If this hope you've treasured, like Him thou shalt be, All pure and all
 4. O friends, are you read - y this mo - ment to stand, With bold - ness be -

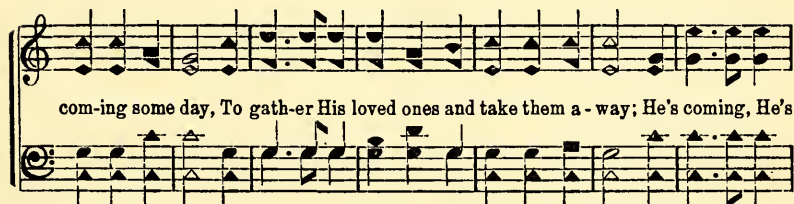


o - pen, O why bid Him stay? His bride hath made ready, her garments are white,
 name you a king and a priest; At that feast a - new with His bride He'll re - veal,
 ho - ly, yes, e - ven as He; An heir to a king - dom, a crown and a throne,
 fore Him a sanc - ti - fied band? The blood is your plea, are you hap - py and free,

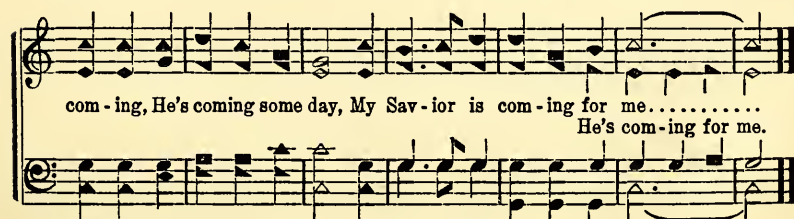
CHORUS.



Ar - rayed in fine lin - en so pure and so bright.
 The new wine of heav - en, the mar - riage to seal. O glo - ry! He's com - ing, yes,
 With rich - es in glo - ry for - ev - er thine own.
 Made white in the fountain 'neath Cal - va - ry's tree?



com - ing some day, To gath - er His loved ones and take them a - way; He's coming, He's

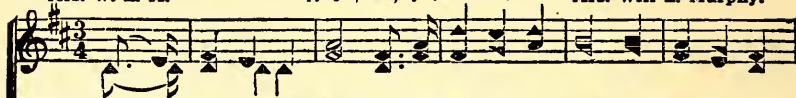


com - ing, He's coming some day, My Sav - ior is com - ing for me.....
 He's com - ing for me.

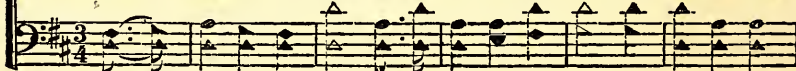

Mrs. W. L. M.

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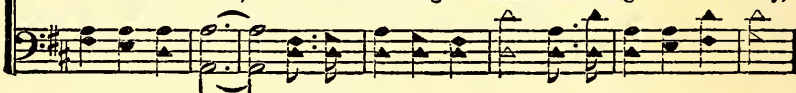
Mrs. Will L. Murphy.




1. There's a peace in my heart, that the world nev-er gave, A peace it can
 2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav-iour and King, When peace sweetly
 3. This treas-ure I have in a tem-ple of clay, While here on His

not take a - way; Tho' the tri-als of life may sur-round like a cloud,
 came to my heart; Trou-bles all fled a - way and my night turned to day,
 foot-stool I roam; But He's com-ing to take me some glo-ri-ous day,




CHORUS.




I've a peace that has come there to stay!
 Bless-ed Je-sus, how glorious Thou art!
 O - ver there to my heav-en-ly home!

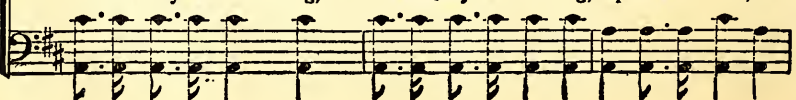
Con - - stant-ly a-
 Con-stant-ly a-bid - ing,




bid - - ing, Je - - sus is mine;.....
 con-stant-ly a-bid - ing, Je - sus is mine, yes, Je - sus is mine;

Con - - stant-ly a-bid - - ing, rap - ture di-
 Con-stant-ly a-bid - ing, con-stant-ly a-bid-ing, rap-ture di-vine, O



Constantly Abiding. Concluded.



vine; He nev - er leaves me lone - - ly, whispers,
rap - ture di-vine; He nev - er leaves me, nev - er leaves me lonely, whispers,

O so kind:— "I will nev - er leave Thee," Je - sus is mine.
whispers, O so kind:— never leave Thee," Jesus, Je-sus is mine.

No. 13. Home of the Soul.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far - a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams Its bright jas-per walls
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz -
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor -

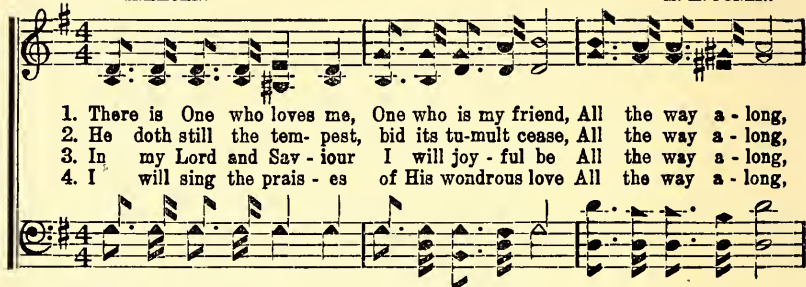
of the soul; Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil interve- res Be-tween
a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He; And He hold-
row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To meet

1 2

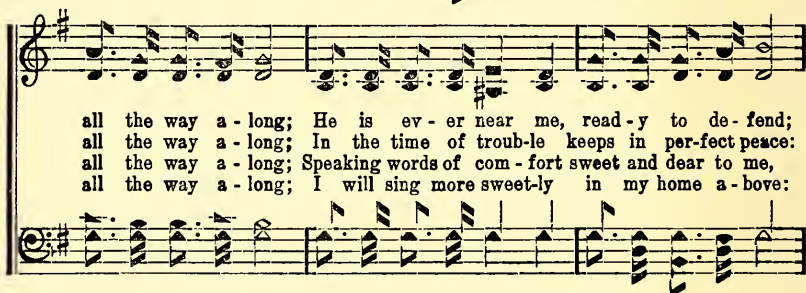
of e - ter-ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter-ni - ty roll; ty roll.
the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; and me.
eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; His hands,
one an-eth-er a - gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; a-gain.

ADA BLENKHORN.

L. E. JONES..



1. There is One who loves me, One who is my friend, All the way a - long,
 2. He doth still the tem-pest, bid its tu-mult cease, All the way a - long,
 3. In my Lord and Sav-iour I will joy-ful be All the way a - long,
 4. I will sing the prais-es of His wondrous love All the way a - long,

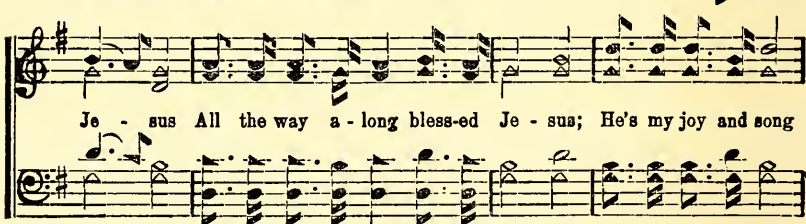


all the way a - long; He is ev-er near me, read-y to de-fend;
 all the way a - long; In the time of troub-le keeps in per-fect peace:
 all the way a - long; Speaking words of com-fort sweet and dear to me,
 all the way a - long; I will sing more sweet-ly in my home a - bove:

CHORUS.



All the way a - long it is Je - sus. All the way a - long it is



Je - sus All the way a - long bless-ed Je - sus; He's my joy and song

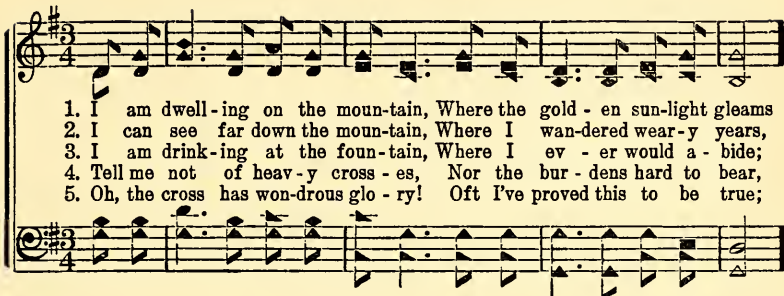


All the way a - long; All the way a - long it is Je - sus.

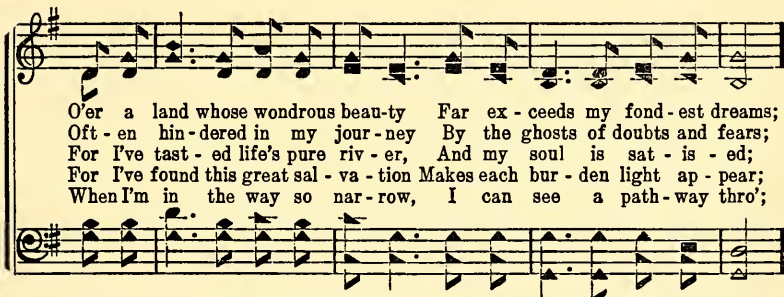
No. 15. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anon.

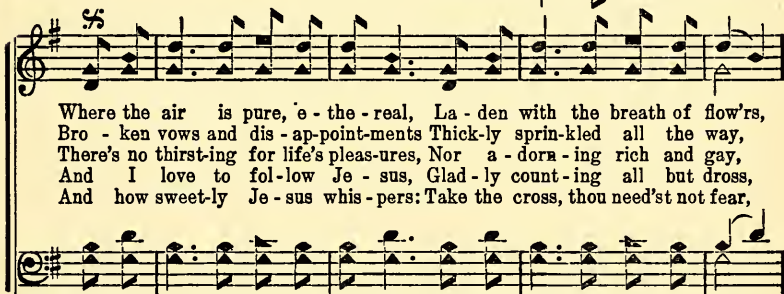
Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



1. I am dwell-ing on the moun-tain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams
 2. I can see far down the moun-tain, Where I wan-dered wear-y years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
 4. Tell me not of heav-y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
 5. Oh, the cross has won-drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



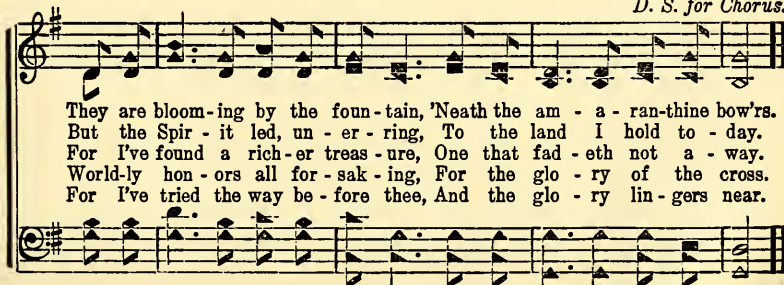
O'er a land whose wondrous beau-ty Far ex - ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - ed;
 For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;
 When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a path-way thro';



Where the air is pure, 'e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
 Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-point-ments Thick-ly sprin-kled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dor-ing rich and gay,
 And I love to fol-low Je - sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,
 And how sweet-ly Je - sus whis-pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light;

D. S. for Chorus.



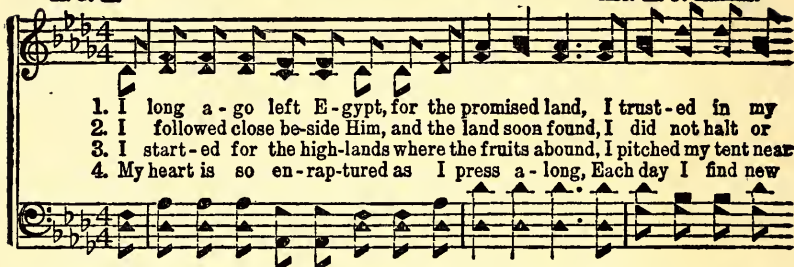
They are bloom-ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich-er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
 World-ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.
 For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?

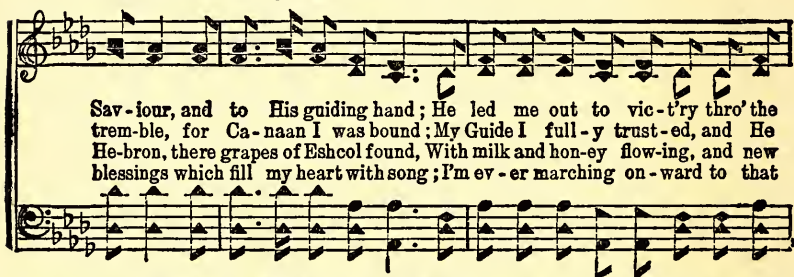
Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.

M. J. H.

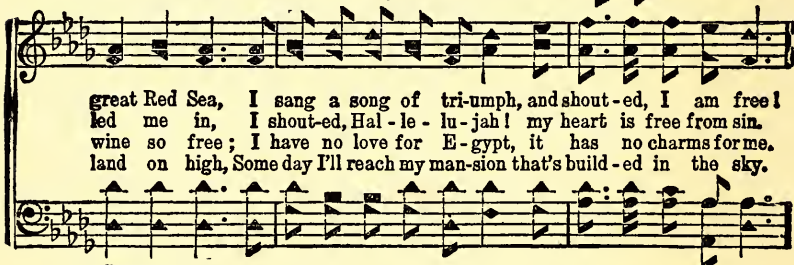
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my
 2. I followed close be-side Him, and the land soon found, I did not halt or
 3. I start-ed for the high-lands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near
 4. My heart is so en-rap-tured as I press a - long, Each day I find new

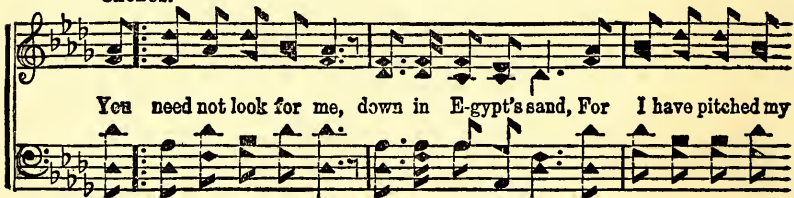


Sav-iour, and to His guiding hand; He led me out to vic-t'ry thro' the
 trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound; My Guide I full-y trust-ed, and He
 He-bron, there grapes of Eshcol found, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing, and new
 blessings which fill my heart with song; I'm ev-er marching on-ward to that



great Red Sea, I sang a song of tri-umph, and shout-ed, I am free!
 led me in, I shout-ed, Hal-le-lu-jah! my heart is free from sin.
 wine so free; I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.
 land on high, Some day I'll reach my man-sion that's build-ed in the sky.

CHORUS.



You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my



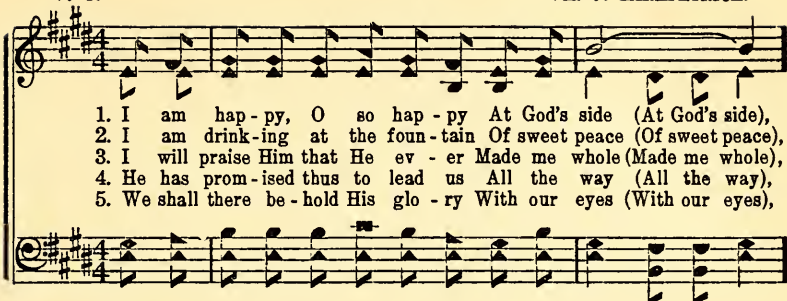
tent far up in Beau-lah land; You tent far up in Beau-lah land

No. 17.

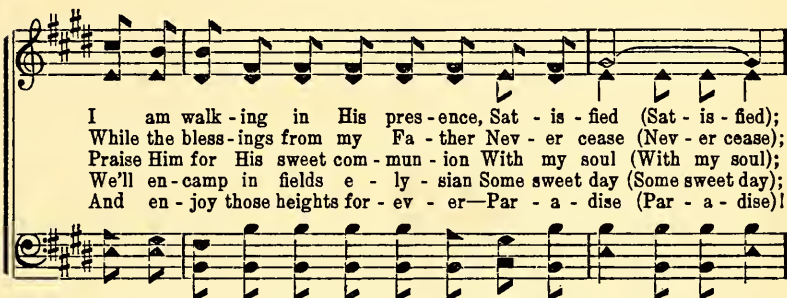
Contentment.

V. C.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



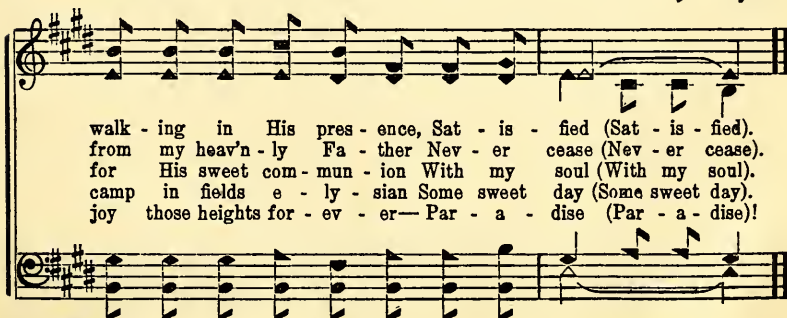
1. I am hap - py, O so hap - py At God's side (At God's side),
 2. I am drink - ing at the foun - tain Of sweet peace (Of sweet peace),
 3. I will praise Him that He ev - er Made me whole (Made me whole),
 4. He has prom - ised thus to lead us All the way (All the way),
 5. We shall there be - hold His glo - ry With our eyes (With our eyes),



I am walk - ing in His pres - ence, Sat - is - fied (Sat - is - fied);
 While the bless - ings from my Fa - ther Nev - er cease (Nev - er cease);
 Praise Him for His sweet com - mun - ion With my soul (With my soul);
 We'll en - camp in fields e - ly - sian Some sweet day (Some sweet day);
 And en - joy those heights for - ev - er—Par - a - dise (Par - a - dise)!



Hal - le - lu - - jah, hal - le - lu - - jah, I am
 Hal - le - lu - - jah, hal - le - lu - - jah, Bless - ings
 Hal - le - lu - - jah, hal - le - lu - - jah, Praise Him
 Hal - le - lu - - jah, hal - le - lu - - jah, We'll en -
 Hal - le - lu - - jah, hal - le - lu - - jah, We'll en -



walk - ing in His pres - ence, Sat - is - fied (Sat - is - fied).
 from my heav'n - ly Fa - ther Nev - er cease (Nev - er cease).
 for His sweet com - mun - ion With my soul (With my soul).
 camp in fields e - ly - sian Some sweet day (Some sweet day).
 joy those heights for - ev - er—Par - a - dise (Par - a - dise)!

Entire Consecration.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,— It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

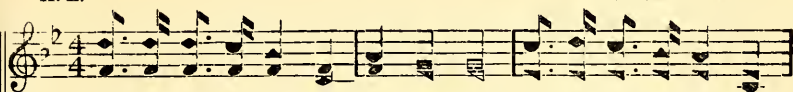
Wash me in the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood,.....
 Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood;.....
 the pre - cious blood,
 the heal - ing flood;

Lord I give to Thee, my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.

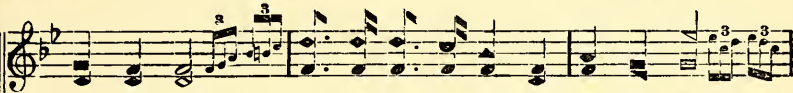
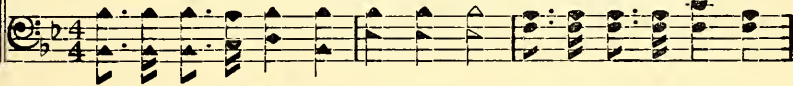
No. 19. "Whosoever," That Means Me.

H. L.

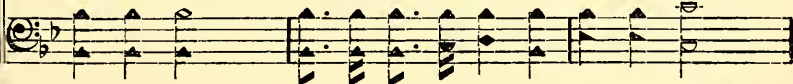
HALDOR LILLENAS.



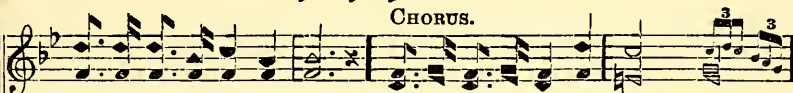
1. Fath-om-less the love and match-less grace That in-cludes the lost in
2. Sweet the gos-pel bells of mer - cy chime, Peal - ing forth their strains of
3. Tho' a - far from God I went a - stray, All my sin and guilt is
4. When the day of toil has end - ed here, When the gates of Par - a -



ev - 'ry place; All - suf - fi - cient for each tribe and race,—
 peace sub-lime Un - to ev - 'ry soul in ev - 'ry clime,—
 washed a - way, And my heart with glad-ness sings to - day:
 dise ap - pear, I shall sing this song of end - less cheer:



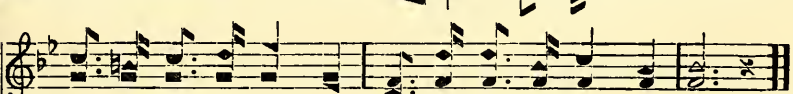
CHORUS.



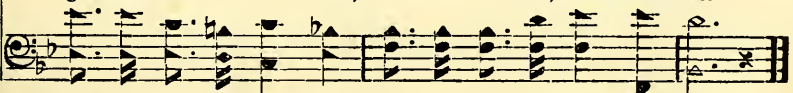
"Who-so-ev-er," that means me. "Who-so-ev-er," that means me, yes,
 O that means me, yes,



"Who - so - ev - er," that means me;..... Bless - ed word of prom - ise
 yes' that means me;



gra - cious in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er," that means me.



No. 20.

Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

J. SCHOLFIELD.

1. I've found a friend... who is all to me,... His
 2. He saves me from... ev-'ry sin and harm,... Se -
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell... how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un-to me.... and I'll

lift - ed me, And what His grace can do for you....
 might - y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way....
 lead you home, To live with me e - ter - nal - ly'....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 21.

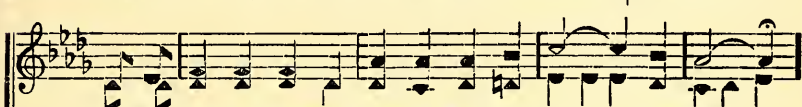
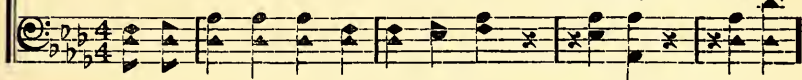
Count Me.

W. O. POOLE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. When you count the ones who love the Lord, Count me, count me;
2. When you count up those who're saved by grace, Count me, count me;
3. When you count up those who do the right, Count me, count me;
4. When you count up those who for-ward press, Count me, count me;



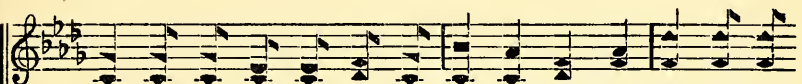
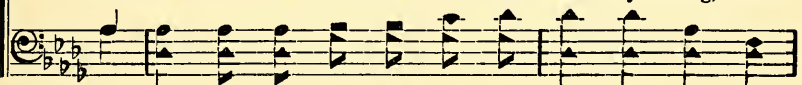
When you count up those who trust His word, Count me, count me.
 Who have found in Christ a hid - ing-place, Count me, count me.
 Who are walk - ing in the gos - pel light, Count me, count me.
 Who shall gain the crown of right-eous-ness, Count me, count me.



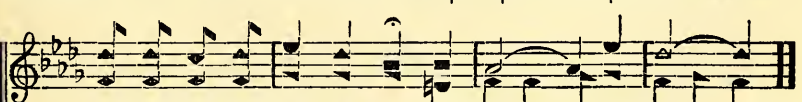
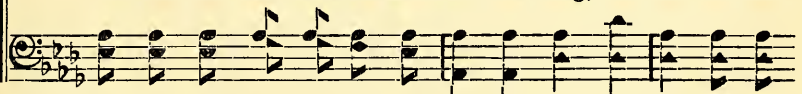
CHORUS.



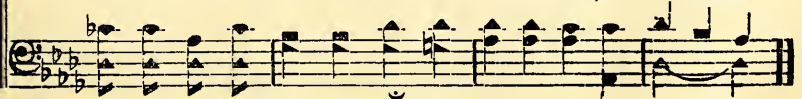
Count me with the chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, Count



me with the ser - vants who would ser - vice bring; Count me with the



ran-somed who His prais - es sing, Count me, count me.
 Count me, count me.



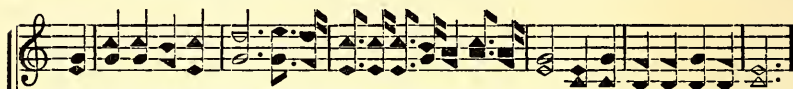
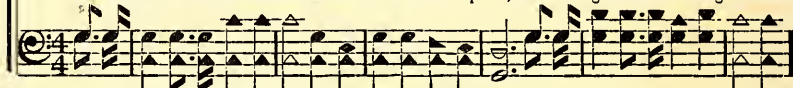
No. 22. Changed in the Twinkling of an Eye.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

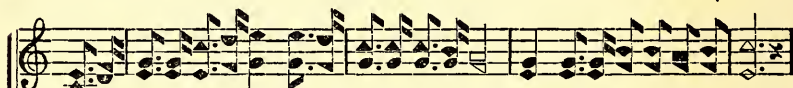
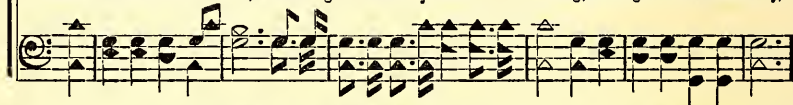
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



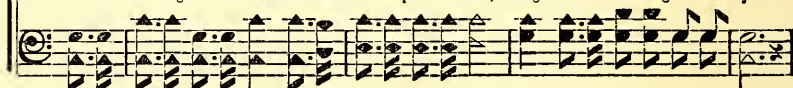
1. When the trump of the great arch-angel Its might-y tones shall sound, And, the end of the world proclaiming,
2. When He comes in the clouds descending, And they who loved Him here, From their graves shall awake and praise Him
3. O the seed that was sown in weakness Shall then be raised in pow'r, And the songs of the blood-bought millions



Shall pierce the depths profound, When the Son of man shall come in His glo - ry With all the saints on high,
With joy and not with fear, When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And clothed no more to die,
Shall hail that bliss-ful hour, When we gath-er safe-ly home in the morn-ing, And night's dark shadows fly,



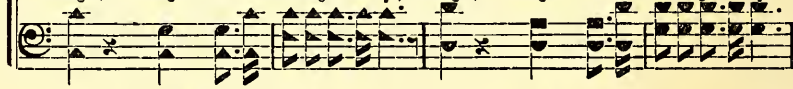
What a shout-ing in the skies from the mul-ti-tudes that rise, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.
What a shout-ing there will be when each oth-er's face we see, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.
What a shout-ing on the shore when we meet to part no more, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.



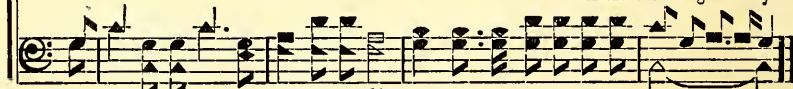
CHORUS.

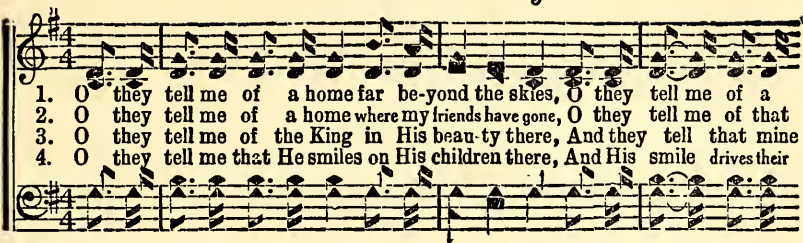


Changed in the twinkling of an eye,..... Changed in the twinkling of an eye;.....
Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye, Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye;

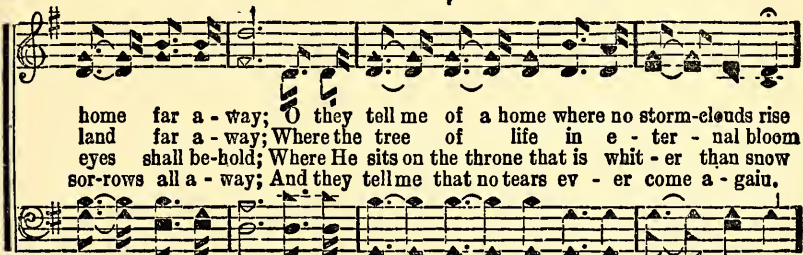


The trump - et shall sound, the dead shall be raised, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.....
in the twink-ling of an eye.

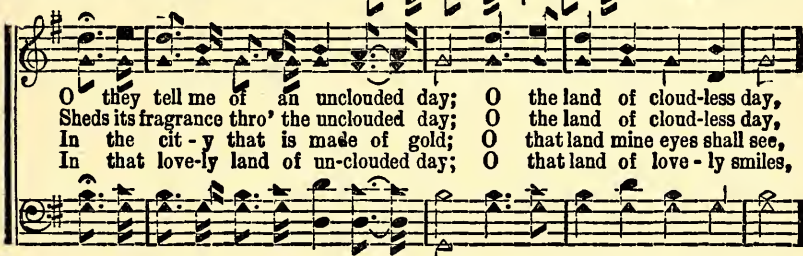




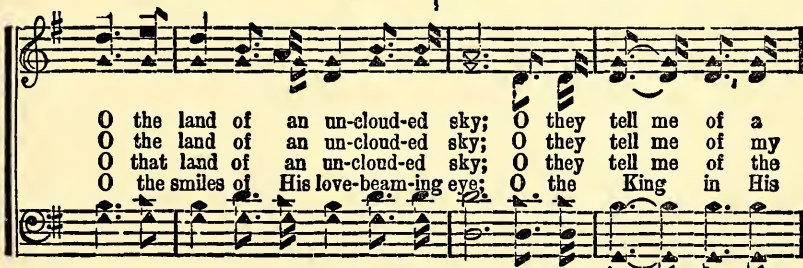
1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell that mine
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their



home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise
 land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
 eyes shall be-hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whit - er than snow
 sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain.



O they tell me of an unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,
 In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
 In that love-ly land of un-clouded day; O that land of love - ly smiles,



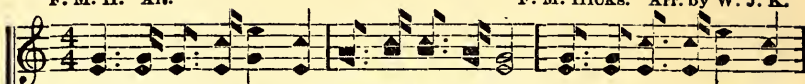
O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
 O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
 O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
 O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His



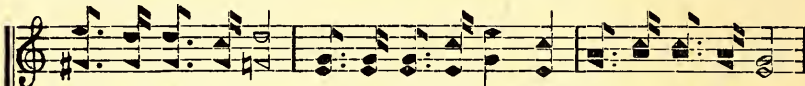
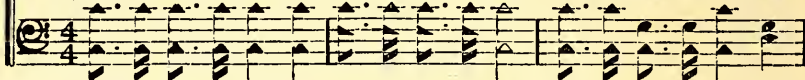
home where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 King and His snow white throne, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud-ed day.

F. M. H. Alt.

F. M. HICKS. Arr. by W. J. K.



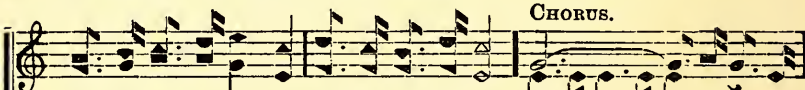
1. Won-der-ful De-liv-'rer bless-ed be His name; That He might redeem us,
2. Oh, what boundless mer-cy, oh, what par-don flows Down a-long the a-ges,
3. We are com-ing, Sav-iour, to Thy cross we cling; Lo! our hands are empt-y,
4. Je-sus, dear Re-deem-er, Sav-iour of my soul, I will sing Thy prais-es



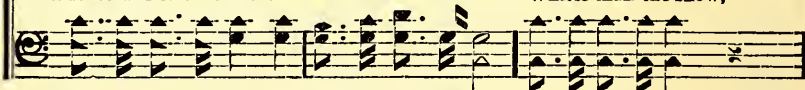
sent from heav'n He came; Won-der-ful Re-deem-er, He doth life be-stow
 heal-ing all our woes; Love of Christ a-bound-ing Grace, di-vine we know
 we can noth-ing bring; Wash us blest Re-deem-er, let the blood o'er-flow
 while the a-ges roll; High-est bliss of heav-en mor-tal e'er can know,



CHORUS.



Thro' a fount that cleanses whit-er than the snow. Whit-er than the
 There's a fount that cleanses whit-er than the snow. }
 From the fount that cleanses whit-er than the snow. }
 Washed and cleansed forever whit-er than the snow. Whit-er than the snow,



snow,..... Whit-er than the snow,
 whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow,



Saviour, Thou the debt hast paid, By Thy cleansing blood I'm made Whit-er
 Whit-er than the snow,



Wonderful Redeemer. Concluded.

than the snow, whit - - er than the snow.
whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow.

No. 25. Since Jesus Came to Stay.

FISTORIA MIELER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. If you'll list-en un - to me, A sto - ry to you I'll tell, How Jesus Christ, the
2. Be - fore He came to stay I had my "ups and downs," The least thing got my
3. Since Je - sus came to stay Old Sa-tan has lost his grip; I sail no more on
4. Yes, since my Saviour came With - in my heart to dwell, He helps me learn the

CHO.—I bless the happy day When Je - sus came to stay, And tho' my sins were

Son of God, Came in - to my heart to dwell; And by His might-y pow'r He's
tem-per up, In-stead of a smile a frown; But Satan's cleared right out, And
sinking wreck, But I sail on the gos - pel ship; She's riggd in splendid style, In
liv - ing way, And do His bless - ed will. And when at last He sees my

crim-son red, He's tak-en them all a - way; And by His might-y pow'r He's


D. C. for Chorus.
changed my night to day, And now I've a life that's filled with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.
tak'n his traps a-way, And now I've a life that's filled with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.
a full salvation way, The folks on board are singing now, Since Jesus came to stay.
work on earth is done, I'll then go shouting home to God, To receive the crown I've won.

changed my night to day, And now I've a life that's filled with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.


Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman. By per.

O. H. M.


Mrs. O. H. Morris.



1. For a world - wide re - viv - al, Bless - ed Mas - ter, we pray,
 2. Send the "show - ers of bless - ing," As de - clared in Thy word,
 3. There's a "sound of a go - ing, In the mul - ber - ry trees,"




Let the pow'r of the high - est Be up - on us to - day;
 Let the "Spir - it of prom - ise" On all flesh be out - poured;
 News of na - tions a - wak - ing, Borne up - on ev - ry breeze;

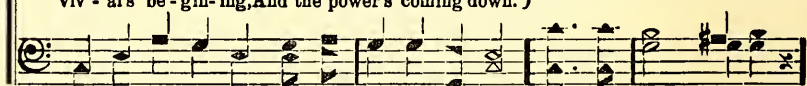
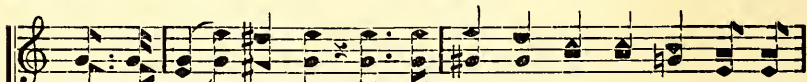


For this world dear - ly pur - chased By the blood of God's Son, Back from
 Send the "lat - ter rain" on us, Till the land o - ver - flows, Till the
 For the pray'r's of His chil - dren, God in mer - cy doth own, The re -

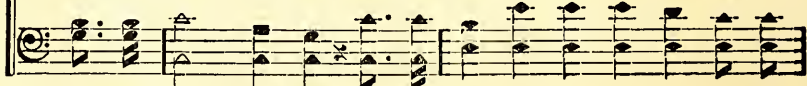
CHORUS.



Sa - tan's do - min - ion, And from sin must be won.
 des - ert re - joic - ing, Blossoms forth as the rose. } Send the pow'r, O Lord,
 viv - al's be - gin - ing, And the power's coming down. }

send the pow'r, O Lord, Send the Ho - ly Ghost pow - er, let it



A World-Wide Revival. Concluded.

now be out-poured; Send it surg - ing and sweep-ing like the waves of the
sea, Send a world - wide re - vi - val, and be - gin it in me.

No. 27. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

ANNA STECK.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness and health, In pov - er - ty's
3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed; I - I am thy
4. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My con-stant, e -
5. The soul that on Je - sus doth lean for re - pose, I will not, I

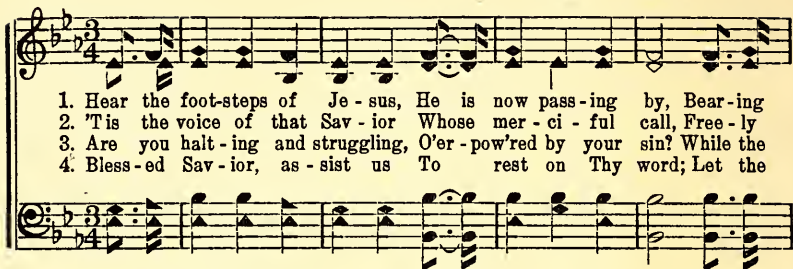
faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He say, than to
vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth, At home or a - broad, on the
God, and will still give the aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
ter - nal un - change - a - ble love; And when ho - ry hairs shall their
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -

you He hath said, Ye who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled!
land, on the sea, As thy days may dy-mand shall thy strength ev - er be.
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous Om - nip - o - tent hand.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still on my bo - som be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake.

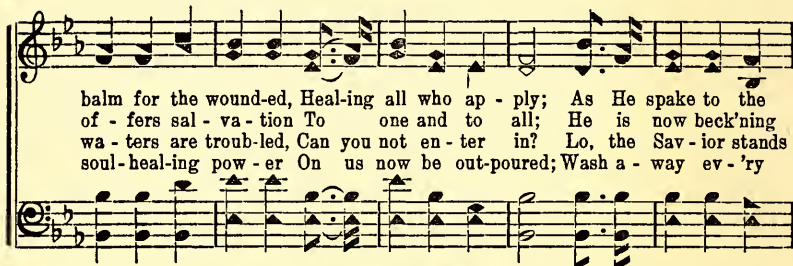
No. 28. Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

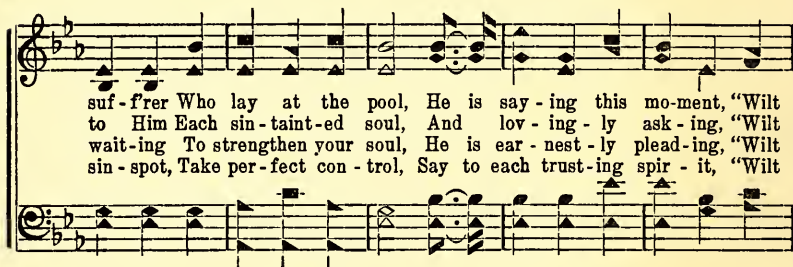
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bear-ing
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav - ior Whose mer - ci - ful call, Free - ly
 3. Are you halt-ing and struggling, O'er - pow'ed by your sin? While the
 4. Bless-ed Sav - ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the

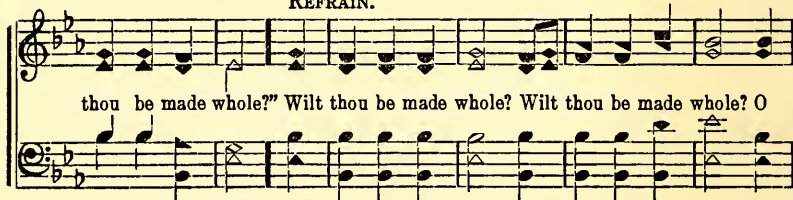


balm for the wound-ed, Heal-ing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the
 of - fers sal - va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning
 wa - ters are troub-led, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav - ior stands
 soul - heal-ing pow - er On us now be out-poured; Wash a - way ev - 'ry

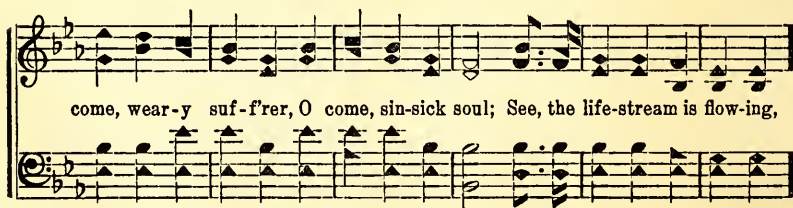


suf - frer Who lay at the pool, He is say - ing this mo - ment, "Wilt
 to Him Each sin - taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt
 wait-ing To strengthen your soul, He is ear - nest - ly plead-ing, "Wilt
 sin - spot, Take per - fect con - trol, Say to each trust-ing spir - it, "Wilt

REFRAIN.



thou be made whole?" Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O



come, wear-y suf - frer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing,

Wilt Thou Be Made Whole? Concluded.

See, the cleansing waves roll; Step in - to the cnr - rent And thou shalt be whole.

No. 29. Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho - ly con - verse With Christ, my Lord, a - lone,
2. They passed thro' toils and tri - als, And tho' the strife was long,
3. My soul takes np the cho - rus, And press - ing on my way,
4. Thro' grace I soon shall con - quer, And reach my home on high;

I seem to hear the mil - lions That sing a - round His throne:—
They share the vic - tor's con - quest, And sing the vic - tor's song:—
Com - mun - ing still with Je - sus, I sing from day to day:—
And thro' e - ter - nal a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky:—

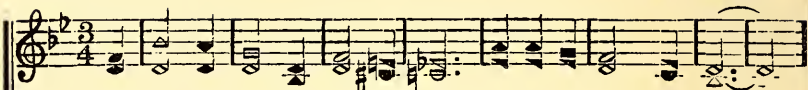
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

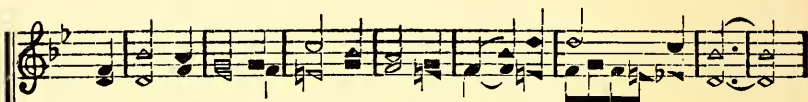
poco rit.
Hal - le - ln - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

N. B. H.

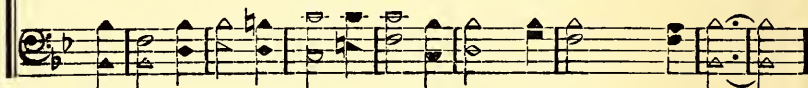
N. B. HERRELL.



1. There flows a stream of crim - son red, Down from Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. This stream rolls on, all calm, sub - lime, As pure as pure can be;
3. This stream will cleanse out nature's dross, 'Twill keep God's peo - ple free;
4. Flow on, flow on, O stream di - vine, Flow on e - ter - nal - ly;



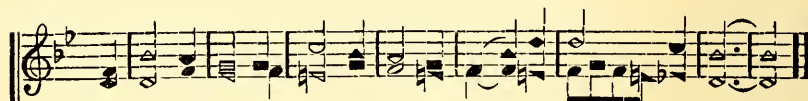
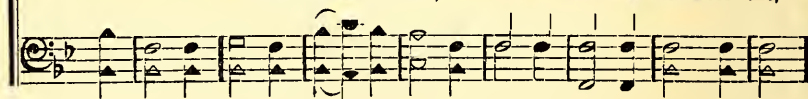
For sinner's guilt, this blood was spilt,	The stream that flows	for me.
Within its waves, there's pow'r that saves,	The stream that flows	for me.
I now can feel, its cleans-ing real,	The stream that flows	for me.
From Calv'ry's brow it's flow-ing now,	The stream that flows	for me.



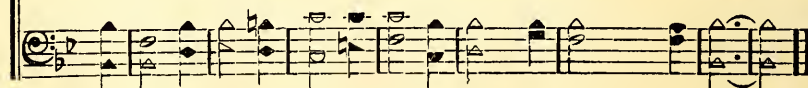
CHORUS.



The stream that flows for me, The stream that flows for me;
that flows for me, that flows for me;



It cleans-es still, and al - ways will, The stream that flows for me.



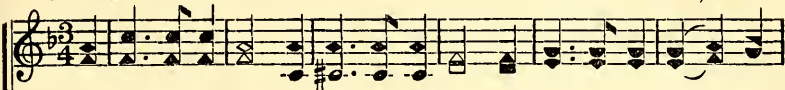
No. 31.

A Child of the King

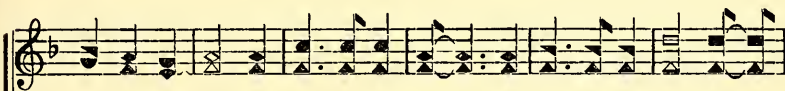
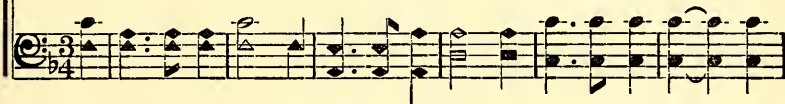
"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

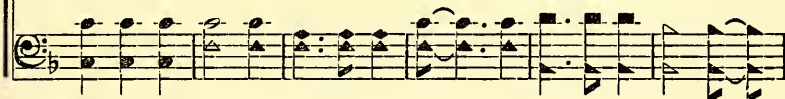
JOHN R. SUMNER, ART.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I - once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth; A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for



world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
 poor - est of them; But now He is reign - ing for - ev - er on high, And will
 a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down,—An
 me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

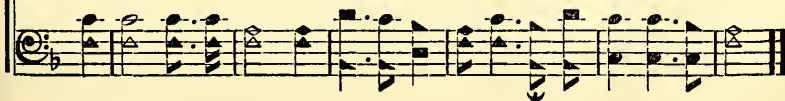


CHORUS.

cof - fers are full,— He has rich - es un - told.
 give me a home in heav'n by and by.
 heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown! I'm a child of the King!
 glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King!



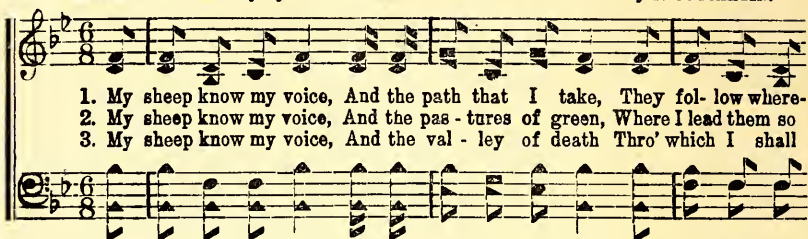
A child of the King! With Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm a child of the King!



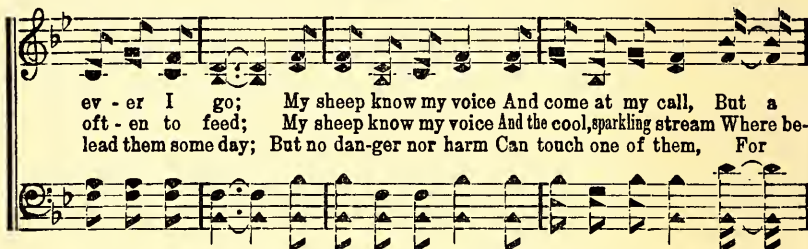
No. 32. My Sheep Know My Voice.

First stanza and melody by H. BUFFUM.

Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.

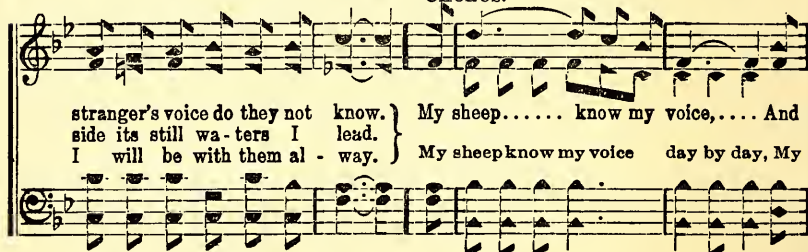


1. My sheep know my voice, And the path that I take, They fol- low where-
 2. My sheep know my voice, And the pas- tures of green, Where I lead them so
 3. My sheep know my voice, And the val- ley of death Thro' which I shall

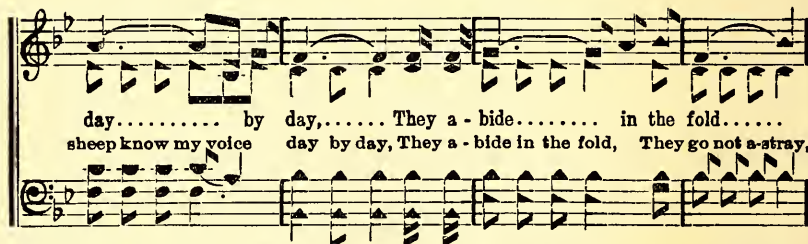


ev- er I go; My sheep know my voice And come at my call, But a
 oft- en to feed; My sheep know my voice And the cool, sparkling stream Where be-
 lead them some day; But no dan- ger nor harm Can touch one of them, For

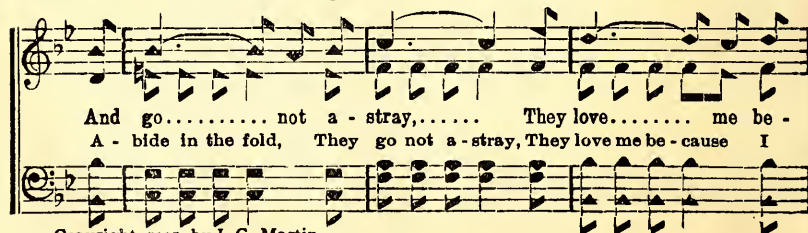
CHORUS.



stranger's voice do they not know. } My sheep..... know my voice,.... And
 side its still wa- ters I lead. }
 I will be with them al- way. } My sheep know my voice day by day, My



day..... by day,..... They a- bide..... in the fold.....
 sheep know my voice day by day, They a- bide in the fold, They go not a- stray,



And go..... not a- stray,..... They love..... me be -
 A- bide in the fold, They go not a- stray, They love me be- cause I

My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.

cause..... I have made..... them my choice,..... And they
made them my choice, They love me be - cause I made them my choice, They

fol - - low my call,..... For my sheep know my voice.
fol-low my call, They fol-low my call, My sheep know my voice.

No. 33. All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs;
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.

2. { Let my hands perform His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways,
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.

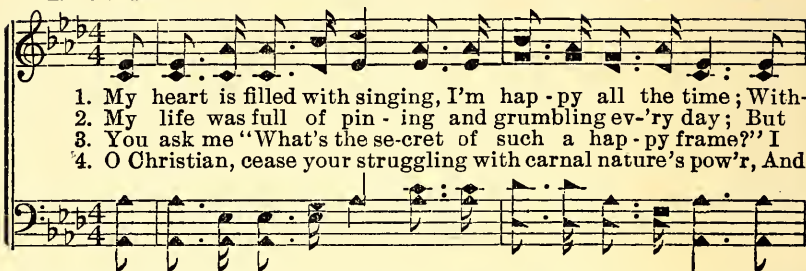
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||
- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.:||

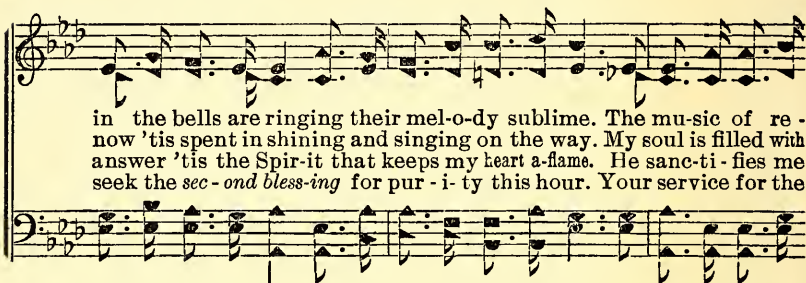
E. H. P. and A. F. I.

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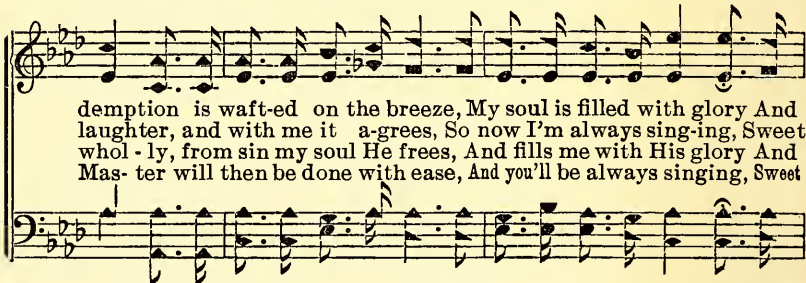
REV. E. H. POST.



1. My heart is filled with singing, I'm hap - py all the time; With-
2. My life was full of pin - ing and grumbl'ing ev-'ry day; But
3. You ask me "What's the se-cret of such a hap - py frame?" I
4. O Christian, cease your struggling with carnal nature's pow'r, And

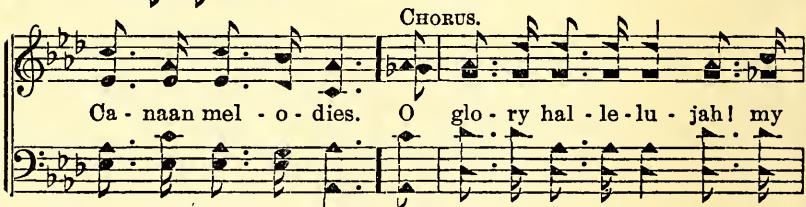


in the bells are ringing their mel-o-dy sublime. The mu-sic of re -
now 'tis spent in shining and singing on the way. My soul is filled with
answer 'tis the Spir-it that keeps my heart a-flame. He sanc-ti - fies me
seek the *sec - ond bless - ing* for pur - i - ty this hour. Your service for the



demption is waft-ed on the breeze, My soul is filled with glory And
laughter, and with me it a-grees, So now I'm always sing-ing, Sweet
whol - ly, from sin my soul He frees, And fills me with His glory And
Mas - ter will then be done with ease, And you'll be always singing, Sweet

CHORUS.



Ca - naan mel - o - dies. O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! my



soul is sanc - ti - fied; He fills me with His glo - ry as in Him

Canaan Melodies. Concluded.

I con-fide, I have the "sec-ond bless-ing," I'm free from sin's dis-ease,

And now I'm al-ways sing-ing, Sweet Ca-naan mel-o-dies.

No. 35. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. O.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not gladly en-dure

FINE.

Rich-es ex-haust-less of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
 Jew-els whose lus-tre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
 Tri-als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se-cure.

D.S.—O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Pre-cious, more pre-cious, Wealth that can nev-er be told;

No. 36.

The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.

Moderato.

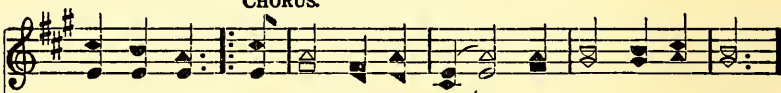
1. There is a Rock in a wear - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died, His blood flowed out in a



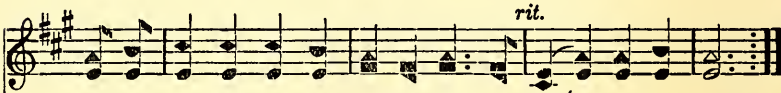
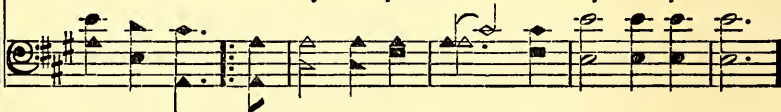
burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - ry thirst - y, sin - sick soul, Come, freely drink and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will



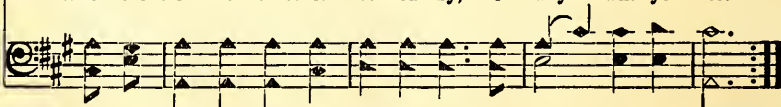
CHORUS.



wil - der - ness.	Then why will ye die?	O why will ye die?
shalt be whole."	Then why will ye die?	O why will ye die?
wan - d'ring sheep.	Then why will ye die?	O why will ye die?
en - ter in.	Then why will ye die?	O why will ye die?



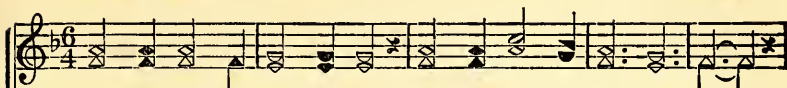
When the shel - t'ring Rock is	so near by,	O why will ye die?
When the liv - ing well is	so near by,	O why will ye die?
When the Shep - herd's fold is	so near by,	O why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is	so near by,	O why will ye die?



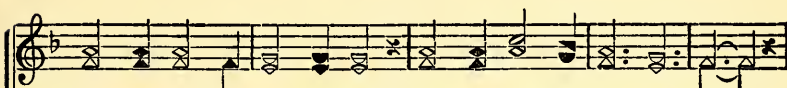
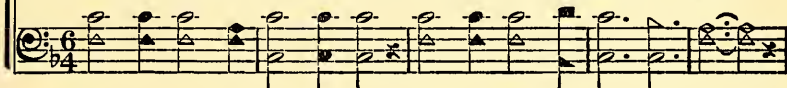
No. 37. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

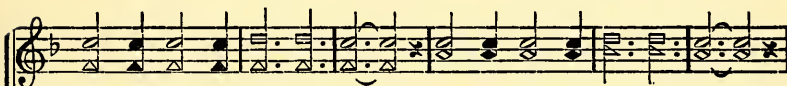
S. B. MARSH.



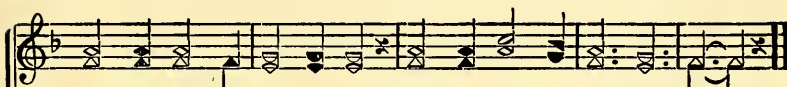
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



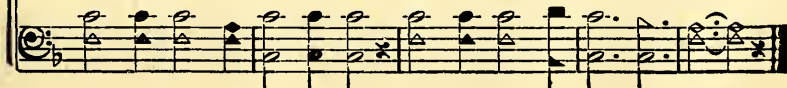
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

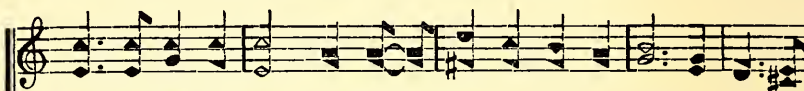


JENNIE HUSSEY.

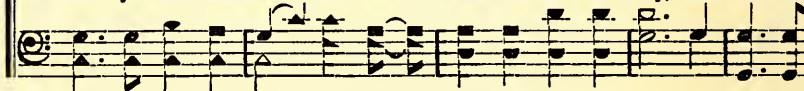
H. L. GILMOUR.



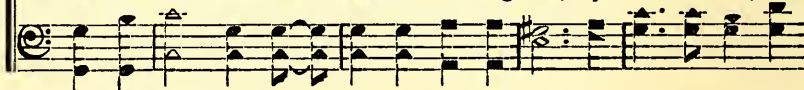
1. Re - vi - val flames are kind - ling In the hearts of sin - ful men; And
 2. Now en - ter, Ho - ly Spir - it, And cleanse my in - most soul; Oh,
 3. The hay, the chaff, and stub - ble Must be all con - sumed a - way; There's



souls once dead in sin - ning, Thro' the Spir - it live a - gain; O let the
 touch my lips this mo - ment As with a liv - ing coal; Then send me
 on - ly one foun - da - tion That will stand the fire to - day, Then let me



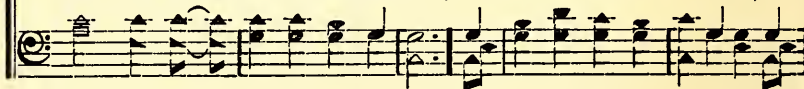
fire sweep on - ward O'er this land from sea to sea; Lord, send a great re -
 un - to oth - ers Thy mes - sage to con - vey; A - round me souls are
 warn the sin - ful Now to make their build - ing sure, Up - on the Rock, Christ



CHORUS.



vi - val, And the work be - gin in me. }
 dy - ing, Must be reach'd without de - lay. } Lord, set my heart on fire, With
 Je - sus Which shall ev - er - more en - dure. } on fire,



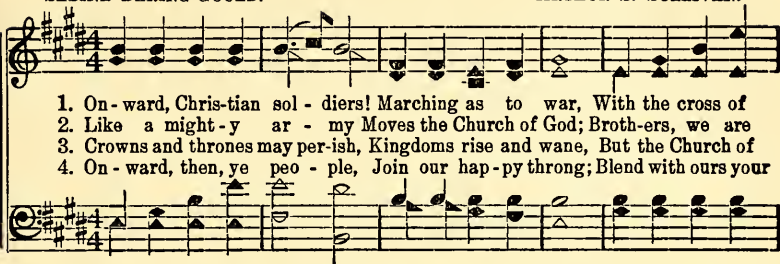
ho - ly zeal in - spire; And make the world's re - vi - val my su - preme de - sire.
 in - spire;



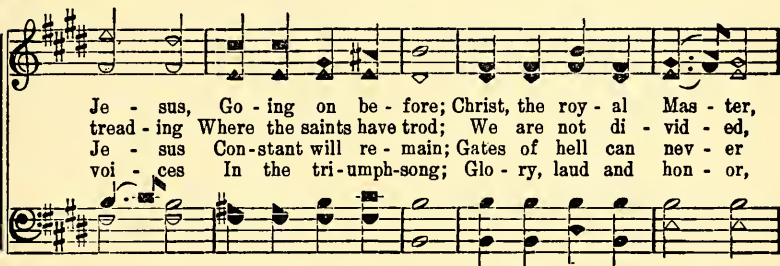
No. 39. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

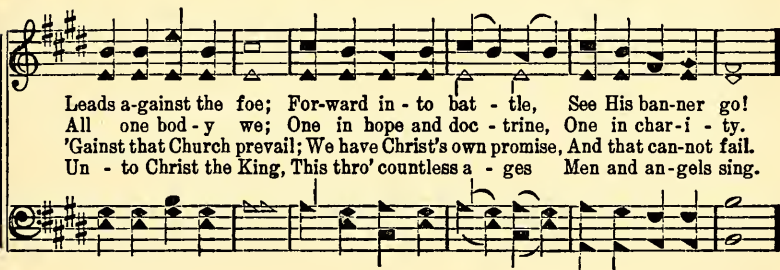
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your

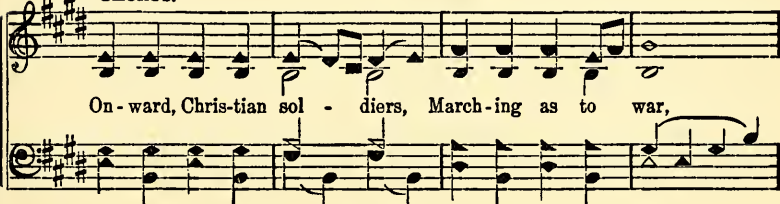


Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,



Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,



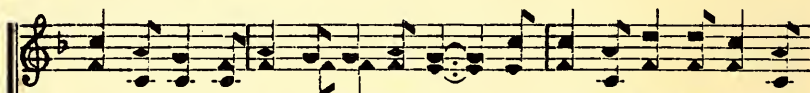
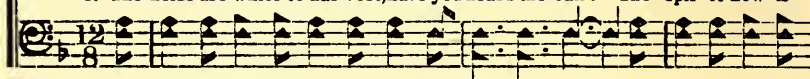
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

FREDERICK W. SUFFIELD.

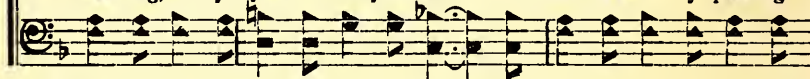
Mrs. F. W. SUFFIELD.



1. O have you had the vis-ion, have you heard the cry Of mill-ions lost and
2. The young men shall see visions and the old dream dreams, The wild-er-ness be
3. I - sal - ah had a vis-ion of the Lord on high Whose train filled all the
4. The vis-ion of the prophet showed to him his sin; He cried out "woe is
5. The fields are white to har-vest, have you heard the call? The spir-it now is



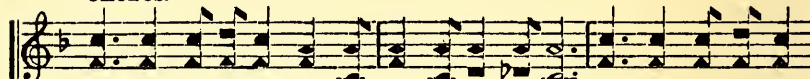
per-ish-ing, O do not let them die; Their souls have all been purchased
 na-tured, in the des-ert shall be streams, The Spir-it poured up-on us,
 tem-ple and he heard the ser-aph cry; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly
 me! for I am still un-clean with-in;" The fire from off the al-tar
 wait-ing, won't you yield to Him your all! The time is swift-ly pass-ing



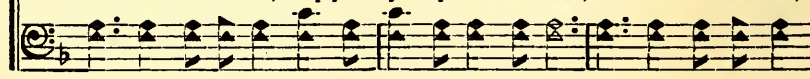
at how great a cost! Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the cross.
 cleansing from all dross, Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the cross.
 is the Lord of hosts, Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the cross.
 purged, his heart from dross, Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the cross.
 O! the fear-ful loss, Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the cross.



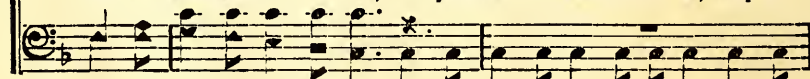
CHORUS.



Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the cross; Don't lose the vis-ion,



or the cause will suf-fer loss; If you want to reach an-oth-er, keep in



Don't Lose the Vision. Concluded.

touch with Christ, my brother, Don't lose the vis-ion, keep your eye up-on the Cross.

No. 41. On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith en - rapt-ured sings,
 2. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord Him - self comes near,
 3. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempt - er flies a - pace,
 4. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

While we throw to the breeze the stand-ard Of the might-y. King of kings.
 And the shout of a roy - al arm - y, On the bat - tle-field we hear.
 And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
 Un - to Him in whose name we'll con-quer, And our song of tri-umph raise.

CHORUS.

On the vic-t'ry side, on the vic-t'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

On the vic-t'ry side we will bold-ly stand, Till the glo - ry - land we see.

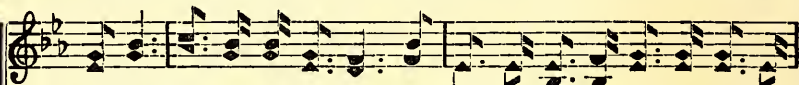
No. 42. There'll Be No Shadows.

EDGAR LEWIS.

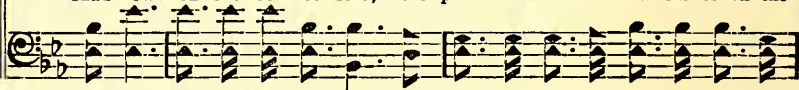
L. E. JONES.



1. Tho' dark the path my feet may tread, it is but joy to know, There'll be no
2. Life's brightest day may have its clouds, but still our heart should sing, There'll be no
3. We're march-ing home-ward to a land where wea-ry feet may rest; There'll be no



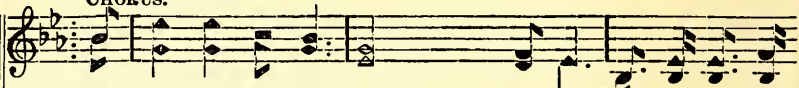
shad - ows on the oth - er side; We should not fear the wild - est storm, but
shad - ows on the oth - er side; 'Twill not be long till cares are o'er and
shad - ows on the oth - er side; No pain nor sor - row e'er can touch the



sing as on we go, There'll be no shad - ows on the oth - er side.
we are with the King; There'll be no shad - ows on the oth - er side.
re - gions of the blest; There'll be no shad - ows on the oth - er side.



CHORUS.



{ There'll be no shad - ows, no shad - ows, Je - sus is the
{ There'll be no shad - ows, no shad - ows, Pain and death can



there'll be no shad-ows,



sun - shine of that land so fair; nev - er en - ter there. nev - er en - ter there.



No. 43 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

R. H. McDaniel.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of Death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a - way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on - ward I go,

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came

heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,

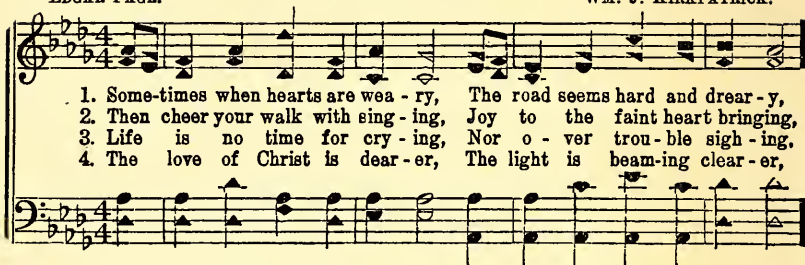
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

No. 44. The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky.

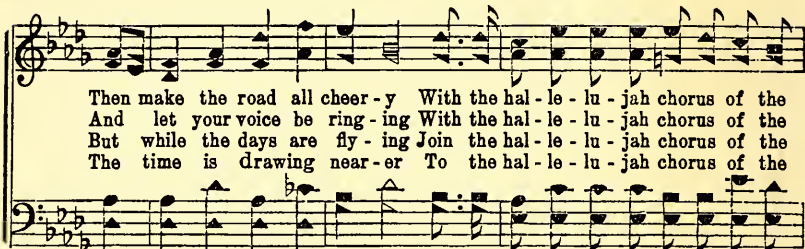
EDGAR PAGE.

Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

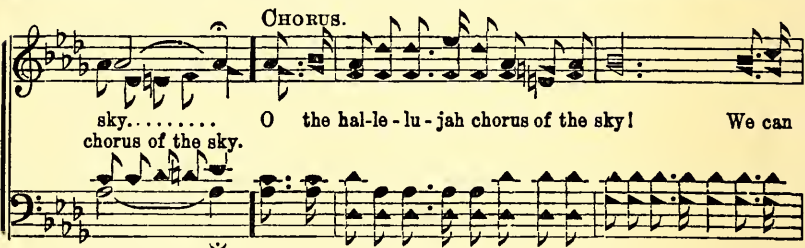
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



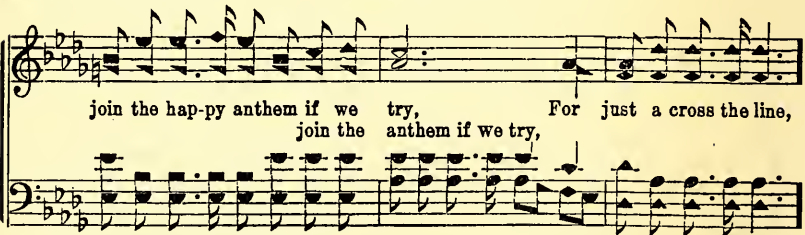
1. Some-times when hearts are wea - ry, The road seems hard and drear - y,
 2. Then cheer your walk with sing - ing, Joy to the faint heart bringing,
 3. Life is no time for cry - ing, Nor o - ver trou - ble sigh - ing.
 4. The love of Christ is dear - er, The light is beam - ing clear - er,



Then make the road all cheer - y With the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the
 And let your voice be ring - ing With the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the
 But while the days are fly - ing Join the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the
 The time is drawing near - er To the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the



CHORUS.
 sky..... O the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky! We can
 chorus of the sky.



join the hap-py anthem if we try, For just a cross the line,
 join the anthem if we try,

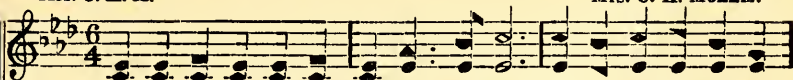


It shall be yours and mine, This hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the sky.....
 chorus of the sky.

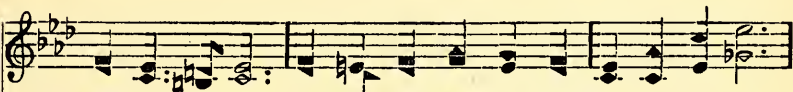
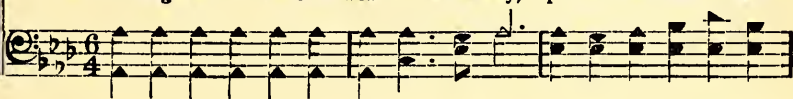
No. 45. Standing on Promise Ground.

Mrs. C. H. M.

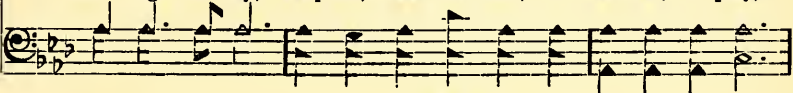
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



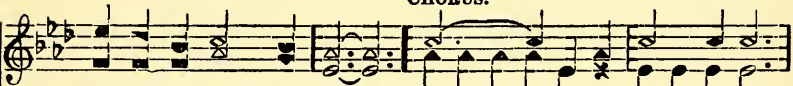
1. On promise ground I have plant-ed my feet, Firm my foun-da-tion and
2. Com-fort and bless-ing a - bide in my soul, Doubtings are o - ver and
3. Treasures of earth all shall rust and de - cay, Oth - er foun-da-tions shall
4. Look-ing back o - ver the wea - ri - some way, Up to the land I am



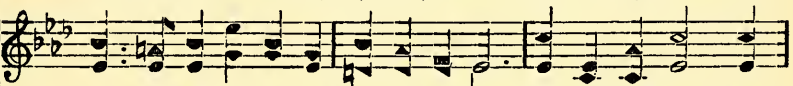
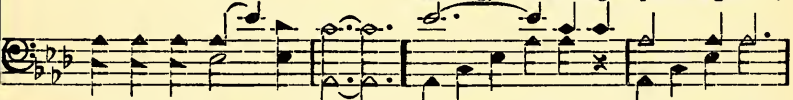
safe my re-treat; Here toil is pleas - ure and serv - ice is sweet,
 Christ has con-trol; On Him to - day ev - 'ry bur - den I roll,
 crum - ble a - way; God's word a - bides, we ex - ult - ing - ly say,
 hold - ing to - day; Keep me, dear Sav - lour, for - ev - er, I pray,



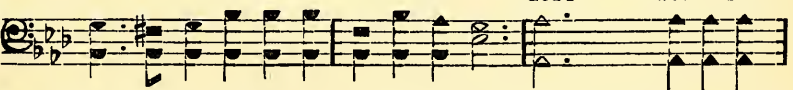
CHORUS.



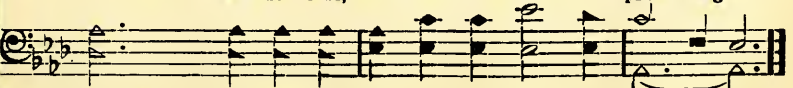
Stand-ing on prom - ise ground. Stand - ing on prom - ise ground,
 Standing, I'm standing on promise ground,



I am so glad I this resting place found; God's word is sure, and
 God's word is sure.



I am se - cure, Stand - ing on prom - ise ground....
 I am se - cure, prom - ise ground.



E. D. ELLIOTT.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have tried to count His bless-ings, and I fail to un-der-stand
 2. Like an ar-my I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re-view,
 3. Sure-ly good-ness, love and mer-cy have been mine a-long life's way,

Why the Lord should so rich-ly re-ward; Could I count the stars of heav-en,
 O what joy doth the sight now af-ford! Tho' they may be long in pass-ing,
 And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and glad-ness

add to them earth's grains of sand, Still His bless-ings are more, praise the Lord!
 still they come, bat-tal-ions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
 keeps o'er-flow-ing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
 praise the Lord,

praise the Lord; Bless-ings new He's still be-stow-ing, And my
 O praise the Lord;

The End Is Not Yet. Concluded.

cup is o-ver-flow-ing, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
O praise the Lord!

No. 47.

Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

FREEMAN LEWIS.

1. O Thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To
3. O why should I wan - der, an al - ien from Thee, Or
4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The
5. He looks! and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - joice, And
6. Dear Shep - herd! I hear and will fol - low Thy call, I

whom in af - fic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my
feed them in pas - tures of love; Say, why in the val - ley of
cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my
Star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, If in your tents my Be -
myr - i - ads wait for His word; He speaks! and e - ter - ni - ty,
know the sweet sound of Thy voice; Re - store and de - fend me, for

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
death would I weep, Or a - lone, in this wil - der - ness rove?
sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
lov - ed has been, And where with His flock He is gone.
filled with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

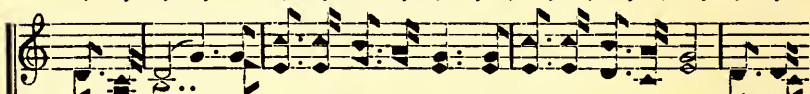
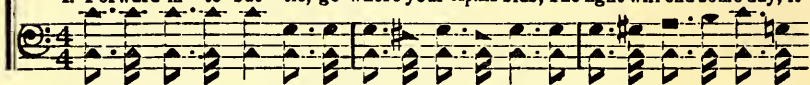
N. B. H.

(Theme suggested by Olive M. Winchester.)

N. B. HERRELL.



1. Forward in - to bat - tle, ye might - y hosts of God, The Ho - ly Ghost will lead you
2. Forward in - to bat - tle, go all the world around; Your Captain now is leading
3. Forward in - to bat - tle, ye gal - lant sons of God, The en - e - my must go at
4. Forward in - to bat - tle, go where your Captain bids; The fight will end some day, it



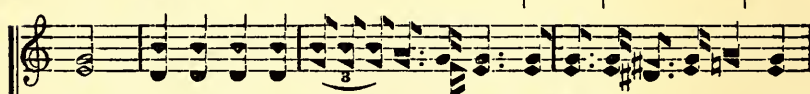
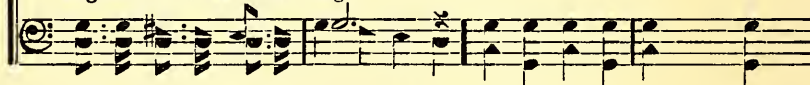
in the fight: With Spir - it, sword and shield, Up - on the bat - tle - field, Go - ing
in His might; With might - y shouts of praise Your palms of vic't'ry raise, Bear - ing
an - y cost; With pray'rs and tears and love, Joined by the host a - bove, Charge the
won't be long; Un - til we're mustered out, The cunning foe we'll rout, 'Fore we



CHORUS.



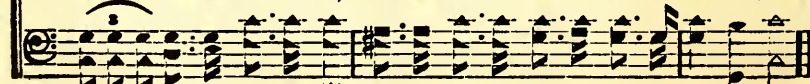
forth to con - quer for the right.
forth the bless - ed gos - pel light. (Go forward.) } Forward, forward, nev - er to set - tle
foe with pow'r from Pen - te - cost. }
sing the vic - tor's fi - nal song. ev - - er



down, Forward, forward, ev - er to win the crown; The world lies out be - fore us,
forward, win the crown;



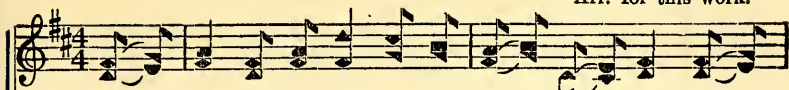
Je - sus will lead vic - to - ri - us, Forward in - to bat - tle till we win the crown.



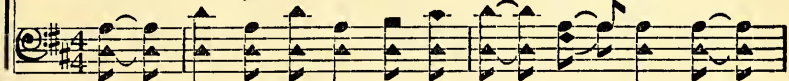
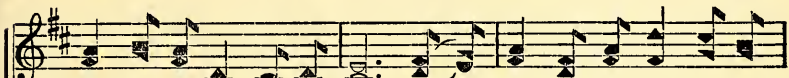
No. 49.

He's Coming Again.

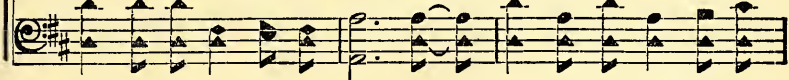
Arr. for this work.



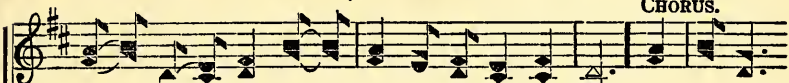
1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil - grim's ear, As he
 2. The moss - y old graves where the pil - grims sleep Shall be
 3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in E - den our home, Sweet
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - gain, In a

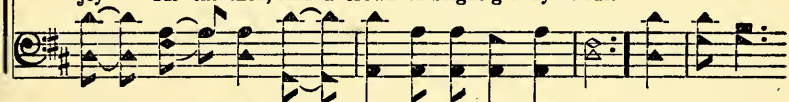
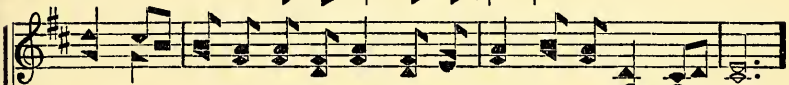
wan - ders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Sav - ior in
 o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mil - lions that sleep in the
 songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south all the
 lit - tle while we shall be there; Oh, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be



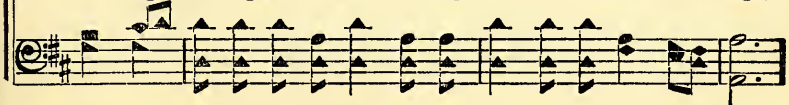
CHORUS.



glo - ry ap - pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
 might - y deep Shall live on this earth once more.
 ransomed shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King. He's com - ing,
 joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.

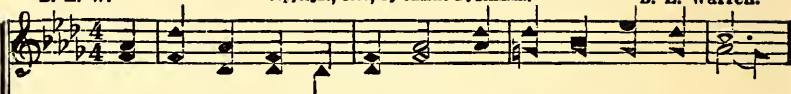



com - ing, com - ing soon, I know, Com - ing back to this earth to reign;

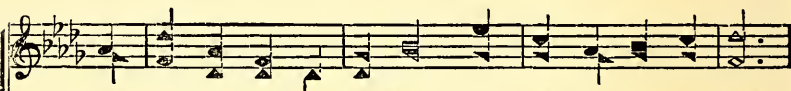
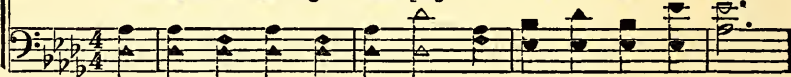



And the wear - y pil - grim will to glo - ry go, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

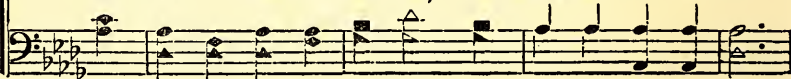




1. He par-doned my trans-gres-sions, He sanc-ti-fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev-'ry mo-ment By trust-ing in His grace;
3. He brings me thro' af-flic-tion, He leaves me not a-lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro-jects me, His bless-ings ev-er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful, His love I do en-joy,
6. There's not a sin-gle bless-ing Which we re-ceive on earth



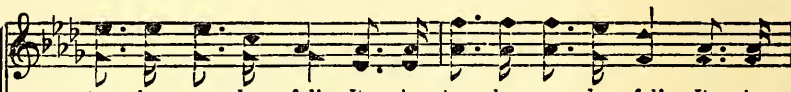
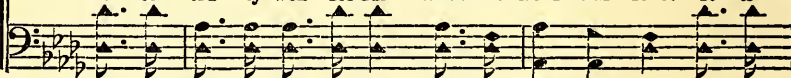
He hon-ors my con-fes-sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.
 'Tis thro' His blest at-tone-ment, That I may see His face.
 He's with me in temp-ta-tion, He keeps me for His own.
 He fills me with His glo-ry, He makes me white as snow.
 For this I shall be grate-ful, And live in His em-ploy.
 That does not come from heav-en, The source of our new birth.



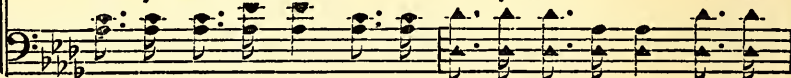
CHORUS.



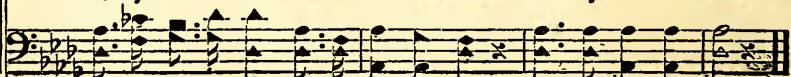
It is tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! It is



tra-ly won-der-ful! It is tru-ly won-der-ful! It is



tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! Glo-ry to His name.



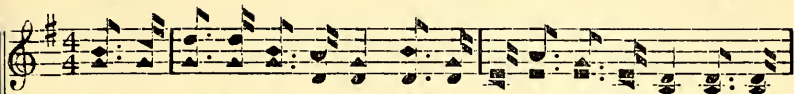
No. 51.

The One I Love.

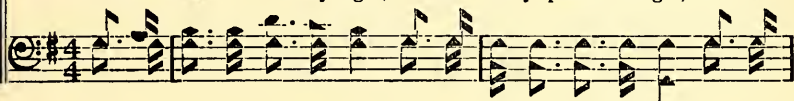
I. G. MARTIN.

(Dedicated to Bud Robinson.)

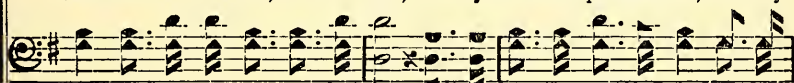
J. V. RAID.



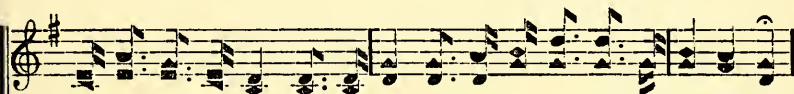
1. What a true and precious friend Has my Sav - iour al - ways been; He's so
2. When all wreck'd and ruined by sin, Je - sus came and took me in, Blotting
3. When the tempt - er tries us sore, And our hopes well nigh give o'er, And our
4. When from earth I take my flight, To that cit - y pure and bright, Tho' death's



kind, and so lov - ing, and so true, He's as gen - tle as a lamb, And as
out my transgressions, ev - 'ry one, Now He lives and dwells with me, Keeps my
friends and our loved ones all grow cold, Tho' all hell our souls as - sail, Je - sus
vile lies be - fore me, I'll not fear, For my Sav - iour's promised me, That my



D.S. - died to re - deem us from the fall, He's a friend all friends a - bove, He's as

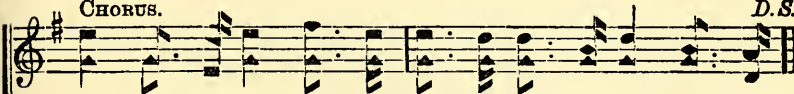


harm - less as a dove, He's a friend that's worth having, He's the one I love.
spir - it light and free, He's a friend that's worth having, He's the friend for me.
helps us to pre - vail, He's a friend that stands by us When all oth - ers fail.
pi - lot He would be, He's a friend that ne'er leaves us, He's the friend for me.

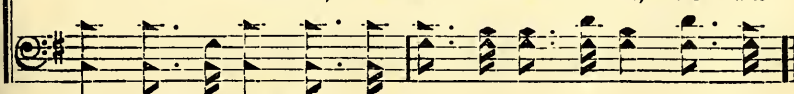


harm - less as a dove, He's a friend that's worth having, He's the one I love.

CHORUS.

D.S.

O how I love Him, the Man of Gal - i - lee, He who



1. O the joy of sins for - giv'n! O the bliss the blood-washed know!
 2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest-ing low;
 3. O this pre - cious, per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow!
 4. O to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tempest come and go!
 5. Cleansed from ev'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,

O the peace a - kin to Heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Streaming from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Now I sing my sweet re - train, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
 Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow, Where the

joys..... ce - les - tial glow; O there's peace..... and
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial flow, O there's peace and rest and love,

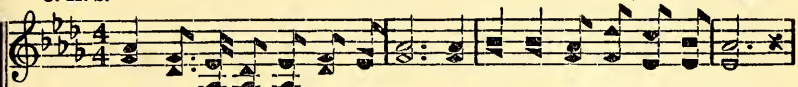
rest and love. Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!
 O there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!

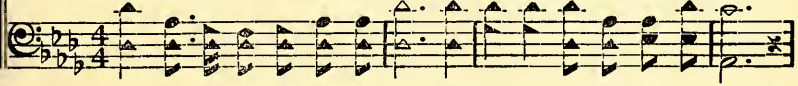
No. 53.

God is our Refuge.

O. M. S.

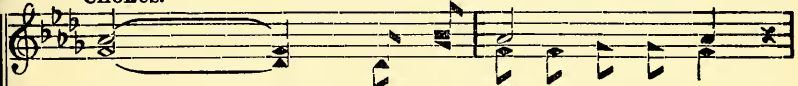
O. M. SEAMANS.

- 
1. God is our refuge and our strength, A ver - y pres - ent help in - deed;
 2. Safe in His ten - der lov - ing care, We have no fear of what shall be,
 3. Sure, in the cit - y of our King Se - cure we rest from all a - harm;
 4. While heathen rage and kingdoms move, And des - o - la - tions sweep the land;
 5. Soon will the day of vic - t'ry come, When wars shall cease in all the earth;

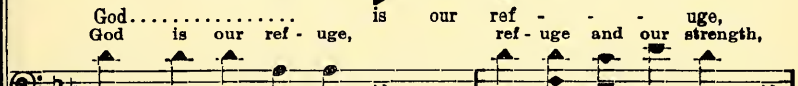


He in the time of troub - le sends His grace to meet our ev - 'ry need.
 E'en tho' the earth should be removed, And mountains cast in - to the sea.
 For God is in the midst of her, To shield His peo - ple from all harm.
 The Lord of hosts is with us still, To save us by His might - y hand.
 Soon shall e - ter - nal peace be ours, And new Cre - a - tion have her birth.

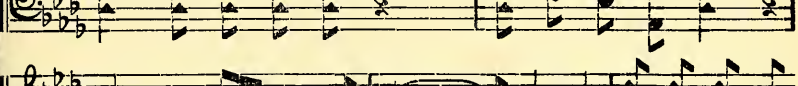
CHORUS.



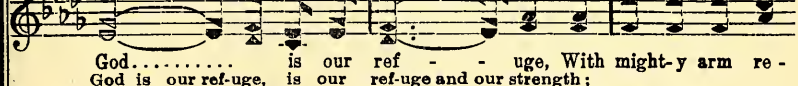
God..... is our ref - uge - and our strength,
 God is our ref - uge, is our ref - uge and our strength,

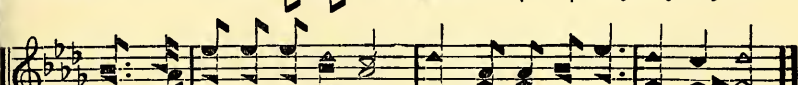
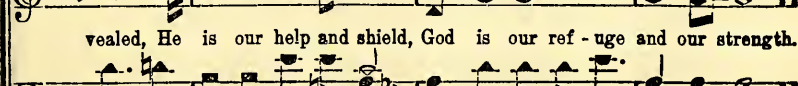


God..... is our ref - uge, With might - y arm re -
 God is our ref - uge, is our ref - uge and our strength;



vealed, He is our help and shield, God is our ref - uge and our strength.



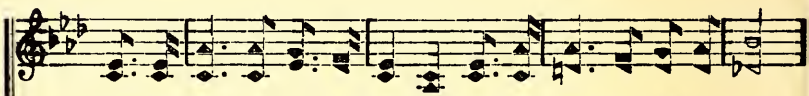
No. 54. Oh, the Presence of the Saviour.

ALICE HANSCHKE SORESENSEN.

KENNETH WELLS.



1. Oh, the pres - ence of the Sav - iour, How it fills my heart with love,
2. Oh, the pres - ence of the Sav - iour, How it keeps me pure with - in,
3. Oh, the pres - ence of the Sav - iour, 'Tis so sweet to have Him near;
4. Oh, the pres - ence of the Sav - iour, May it ev - er guide my way;



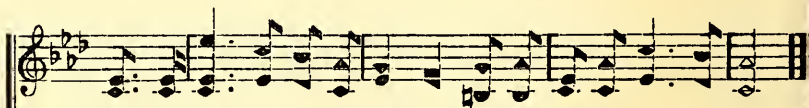
Keeps my feet up - on the high-way, And my eyes on heav'n a - bove.
And my heart is ev - er long - ing For a clos - er walk with Him.
Oh, the pow - er of His pres - ence Drives a - way my doubt and fear.
For I know with Je - sus near me I can nev - er go a - stray.



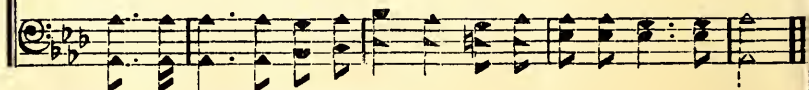
CHORUS.



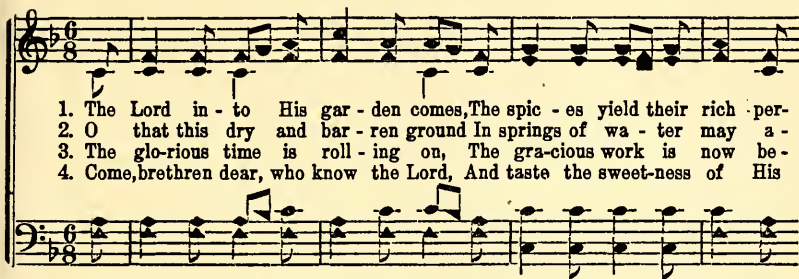
Oh, the pres - ence of the Sav - iour, May it e'er a - bide with - in;




Bless - ed pres - ence of the Sav - iour, Bless - ed, bless - ed walk with Him.



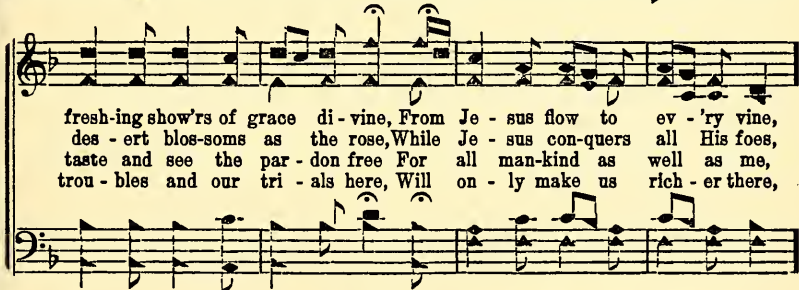
No. 55. The Lord Into His Garden Comes.



1. The Lord in - to His gar - den comes, The spic - es yield their rich - per -
 2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may a -
 3. The glo - rious time is roll - ing on, The gra - cious work is now be -
 4. Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord, And taste the sweet - ness of His



fumes, The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re -
 bound, A fruit - ful soil be - come, A fruit - ful soil be - come. The
 gun, My soul a wit - ness is, My soul a wit - ness is. I
 word, In Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on. Our



fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to ev - 'ry vine,
 des - ert blos - soms as the rose, While Je - sus con - quers all His foes,
 taste and see the par - don free For all man - kind as well as me,
 trou - bles and our tri - als here, Will on - ly make us rich - er there,



Which make the dead re - vive, Which make the dead re - vive.
 And makes His peo - ple one, And makes His peo - ple one.
 Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.
 When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home.

5 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 ♪:When all the saints get home,||
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear;
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 ♪:For Jesus bids us come.:||

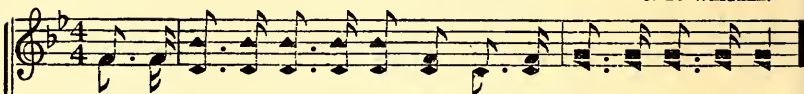
6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 ♪:And claim my mansion there;||
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 ♪:Where we shall part no more.:||

No. 56. I Love to Walk With Jesus.

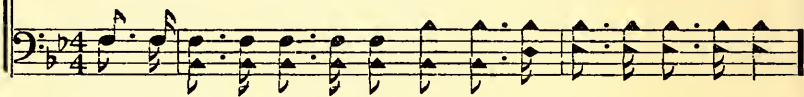
C. F. W.

Copyright, 1902, by C. F. Weigela.

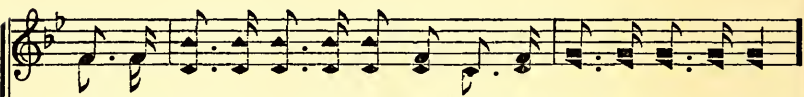
C. F. WEIGELE.



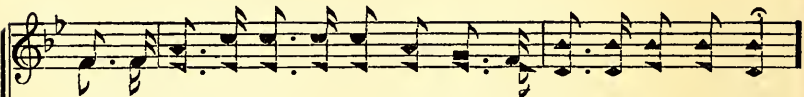
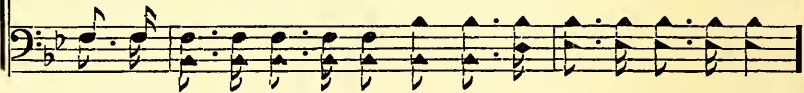
1. O I love to walk with Je-sus, Like the pub-li-cans of old,
2. O I love to walk with Je-sus, Like the man of long a-go,
3. O I love to walk with Je-sus, All the way to Calv'ry's brow,
4. O sometime I'll walk with Je-sus In the land of end-less day,



When He gathered them about Him, And the bless-ed tid-ings told,
Who had tar-ried by the way-side, Near the gates of Jer-i-cho;
Gaze up-on that scene of suf-f'ring, While my tears of sorrow flow;
When our journey here is o-ver, And we've reached our home to stay;



How He came to bring de-liv'-rance To the cap-tives in distress,
Je-sus heard his cry for mer-cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev-'ry sin a-way;
Then I'll walk with Him for-ev-er, Sing His prais-es o'er and o'er;



Take a-way our ev-'ry bur-den, Giv-ing per-fect peace and rest.
And im-me-di-ate-ly he fol-lowed Je-sus all a-long the way.
So I fol-low Him so glad-ly, Lead me a-ny-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ever tell Him That I love Him more and more.



I Love to Walk With Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low where He leadeth, I will pas-ture where He feed-eth,
I will fol-low all the way, Lord, I will fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

No. 57.

Pass Me Not.

Copyright renewed, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

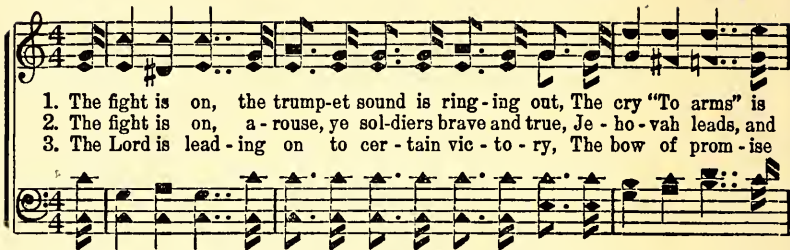
CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

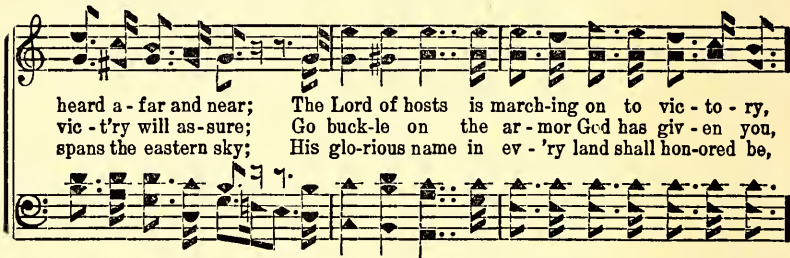
Hear my hum-ble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

Mrs. C. H. M.

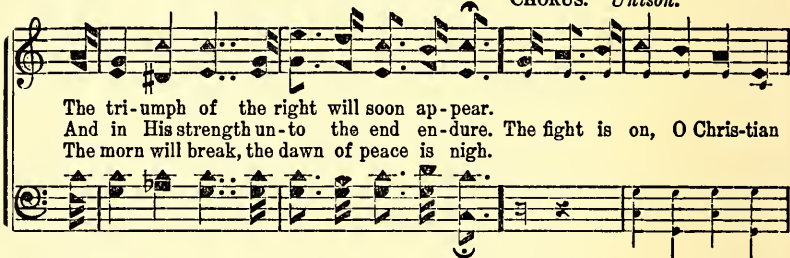
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



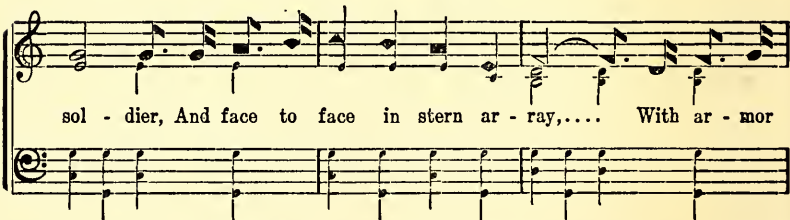
1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true, Je-ho-vah leads, and
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise



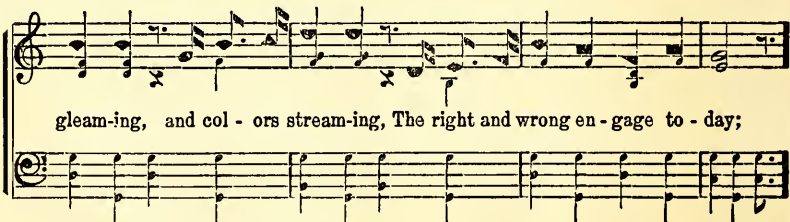
heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry,
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
 spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be,

CHORUS. *Unison.*


The tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.
 And in His strength un-to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O Chris-tian
 The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.



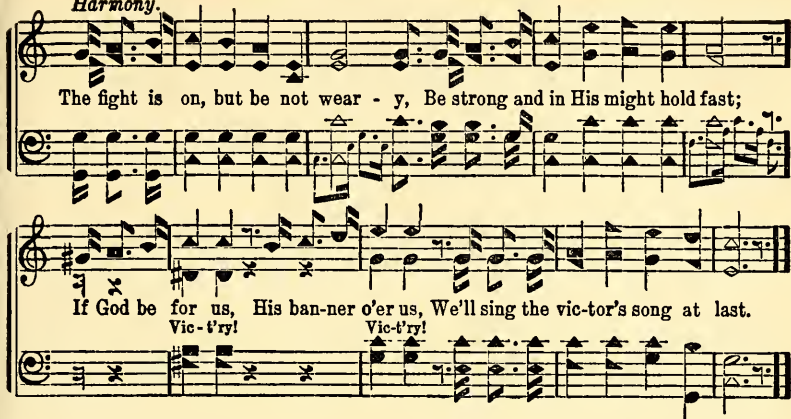
sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,... With ar-mor



gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and wrong en-gage to-day;

The Fight is On. Concluded.

Harmony.




The fight is on, but be not wear - y, Be strong and in His might hold fast;

If God be for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.
Vic-t'ry! Vic-t'ry!

No. 59. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:

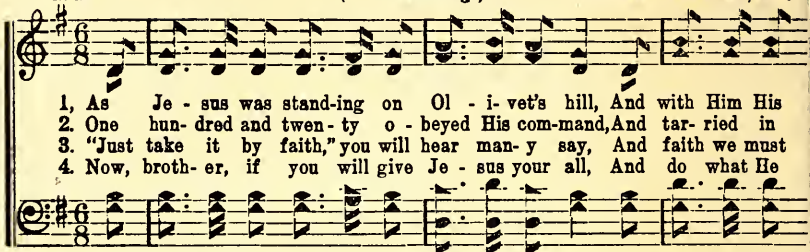
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. 60. Pray Till the Victory Comes.

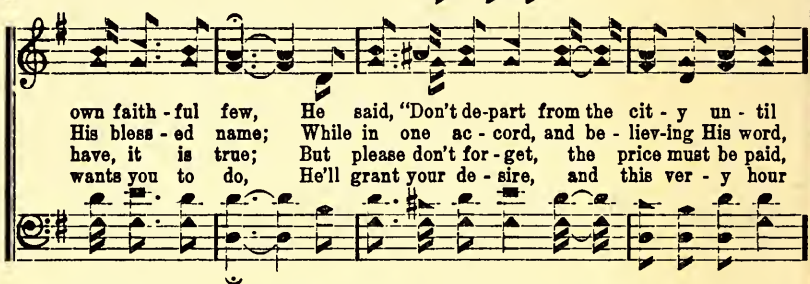
G. B.

(An Altar Song.)

Rev. GEO. BENNARD, arr.



1, As Je - sus was stand - ing on Ol - i - vet's hill, And with Him His
 2. One hun - dred and twen - ty o - beyed His com - mand, And tar - ried in
 3. "Just take it by faith," you will hear man - y say, And faith we must
 4. Now, broth - er, if you will give Je - sus your all, And do what He

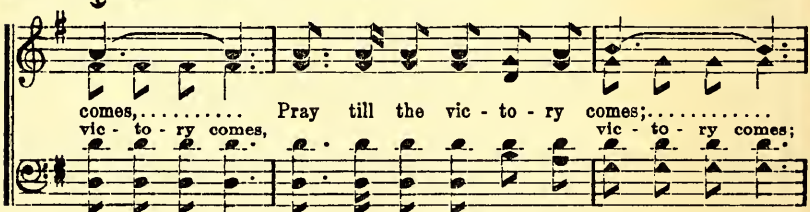


own faith - ful few, He said, "Don't de - part from the cit - y un - til
 His bless - ed name; While in one ac - cord, and be - liev - ing His word,
 have, it is true; But please don't for - get, the price must be paid,
 wants you to do, He'll grant your de - sire, and this ver - y hour

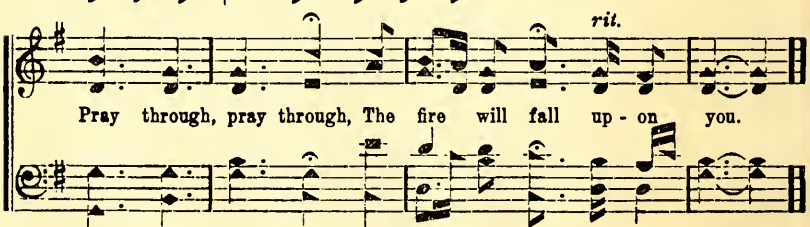


CHORUS.

The fire shall fall up - on you." } Pray till the vic - to - ry
 The fi - er - y bap - tism came.
 If the fire would fall up - on you.
 The fire will fall up - on you.



comes,..... Pray till the vic - to - ry comes;.....
 vic - to - ry comes, vic - to - ry comes;



rit.
 Pray through, pray through, The fire will fall up - on you.

No. 61 In the Great Triumphant Morning

R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.

1. In the great triumphant morning, when we hear the Bridegroom cry, And the
2. In the great triumphant morning, what a hap- py time 'twill be, When the
3. In the great triumphant morning, when the har-vest is com-plete, And the
4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll pos-sess, Then the

dead..... in Chist shall rise,

We'll be changed to life im -
When the Lord descends in
We'll be crowæd with life im -

the ransomed dead, they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests e -

mor-tal, In the twinkling of an eye, And meet Je - - - sus in the
glo - ry, Sets His waiting chil-dren free, And we meet..... Him in the
mor-tal, Christ and all the loved ones meet, In the rap - - - ture in the
ter-nal, Un-der Christ for-ev - er blest, Aft-er meet - - - ing in the
And meet Je-sus in the skies, up

REFRAIN.

skies, (heav'nly skies). We shall all rise to meet Him, weshall all go to greet Him.

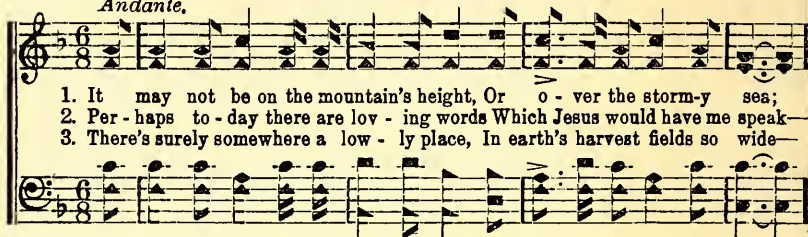
In the morning when the dead in Christ shall rise.
And shall have the marriage supper (*Omit.*) in the skies, up in the skies.

dead shall rise

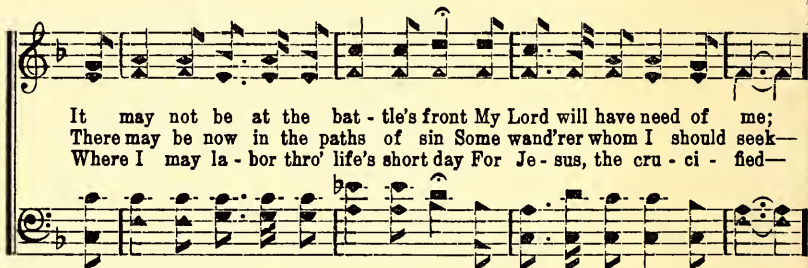
No. 62. I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante,

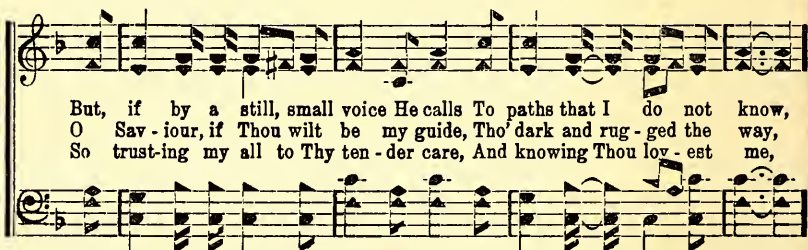
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied—

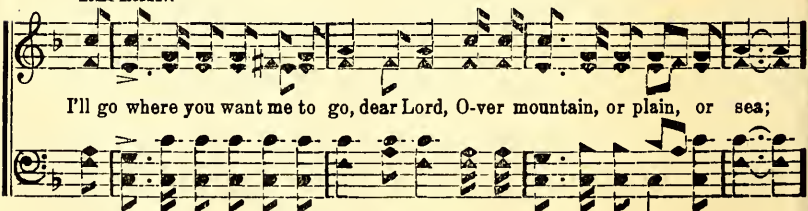


But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll Go where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

Musical notation for the first system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 9/8 time signature.

No. 63. Ready.

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test,
2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Musical notation for the second system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 9/8 time signature.

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers if He sees best.
Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to bear the strain.
Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.

Musical notation for the third system of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 9/8 time signature.

CHORUS.

Read-y to go, Read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

Musical notation for the first part of the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 9/8 time signature.

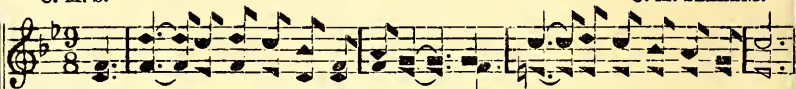
Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

Musical notation for the second part of the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 9/8 time signature.

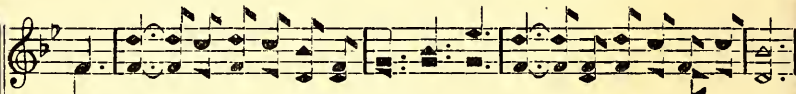
No. 64. My Grace is Sufficient for Thee.

C. M. S.

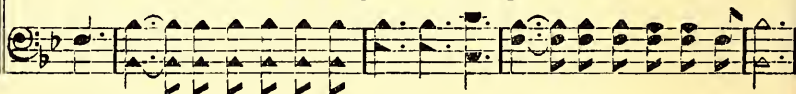
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. When night settles down on my path-way, And sun - light no long-er I see;
2. Sometimes the rude cross seems too heavy, And faint-ing, I long to be free;
3. When fierce-ly the conflict is rag-ing, And fear-ing, I'm tempt-ed to flee;
4. And so I press on-ward to glo-ry, What - ev - er the tri - al may be;



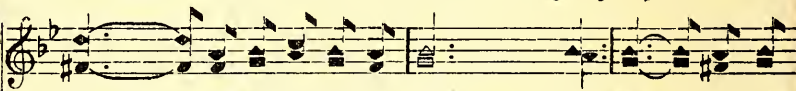
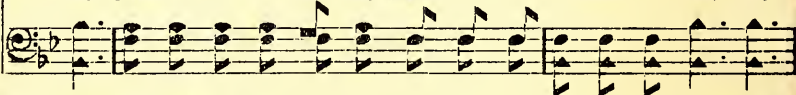
The light of this promise shines round me; "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
Just then comes the Master's as-sur-ance: "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
The words of my Captain give vic-t'ry; "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
I find it is true as He prom-ised, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."



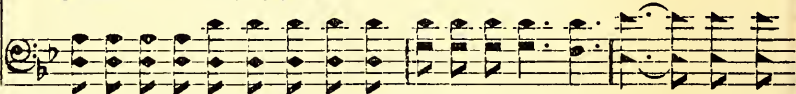
CHORUS.



"My grace..... is suf - fi - cient for thee,"..... "My
"My grace is suf - fi - cient, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee," "My



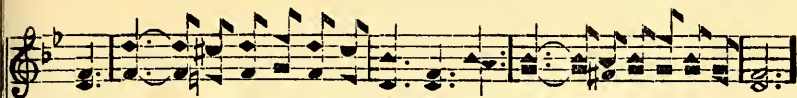
grace..... is suf - fi - cient for thee," The words.... of my
grace is suf - fi - cient, my grace is suf - fi - cient for thee"



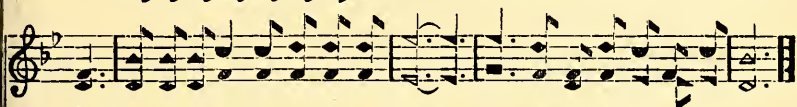
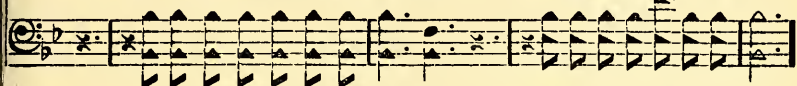
Sav-iour are pre-cious to me, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee;"



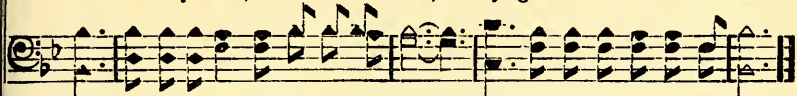
My Grace is Sufficient for Thee. Concluded.



No mat - ter how thorny the path-way, or wea - ry the journey may be,
No matter how thorny the path-way, or weary the journey may be,



Tho' foes may assail, His word cannot fail, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."

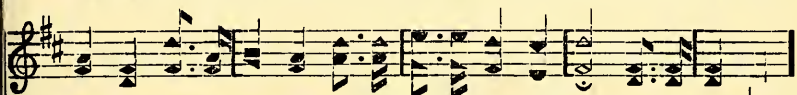
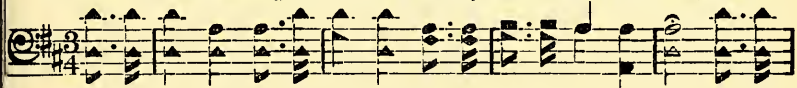


No. 65. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

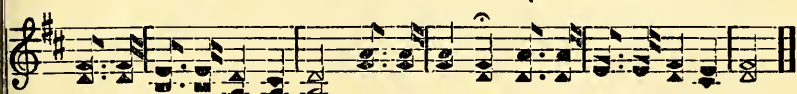
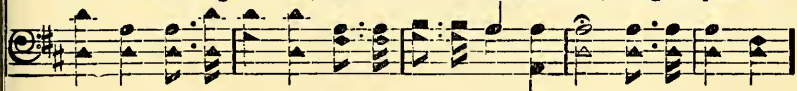
THOMAS HASTINGS.



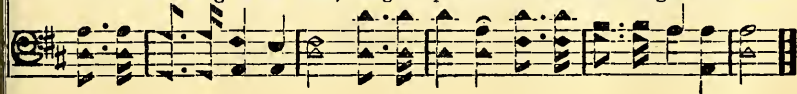
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me



weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heav-en,
fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong de-liv'r-er,
thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Can-aan's side; Songs of prais-es




Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong de-liv'r-er, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to The.

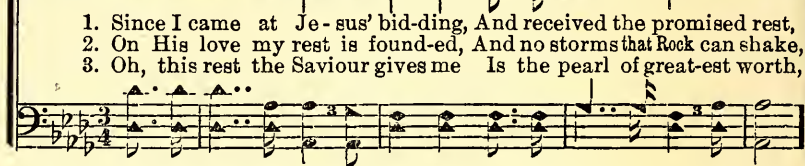
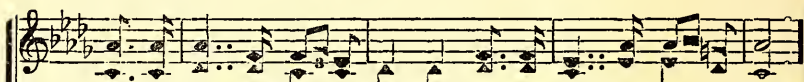


F. G. BURROUGHS.

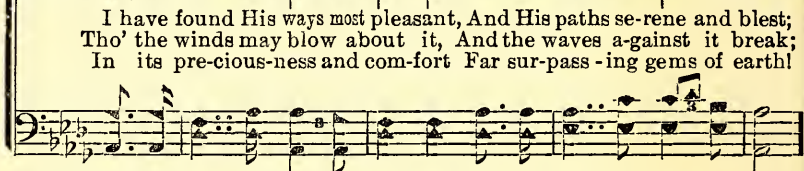
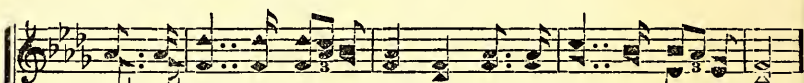
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



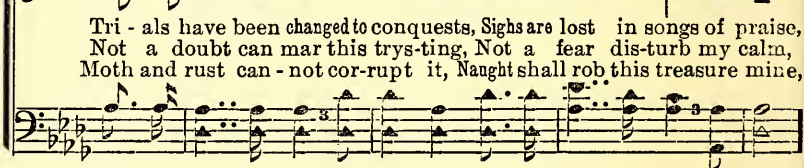
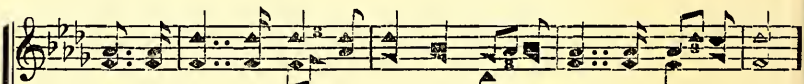
1. Since I came at Je-sus' bid-ding, And received the promised rest,
 2. On His love my rest is found-ed, And no storm that Rock can shake,
 3. Oh, this rest the Saviour gives me Is the pearl of great-est worth,

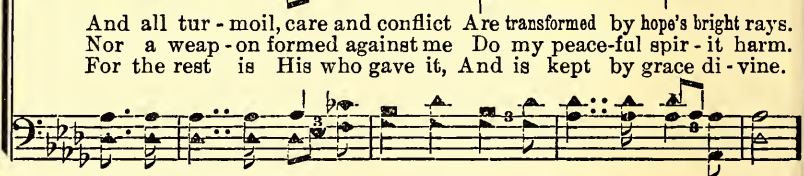
I have found His ways most pleasant, And His paths se-rene and blest;
 Tho' the winds may blow about it, And the waves a-against it break;
 In its pre-cious-ness and com-fort Far sur-pass-ing gems of earth!


Tri-als have been changed to conquests, Sighs are lost in songs of praise,
 Not a doubt can mar this trys-ting, Not a fear dis-turb my calm,
 Moth and rust can-not cor-rupt it, Naught shall rob this treasure mine,

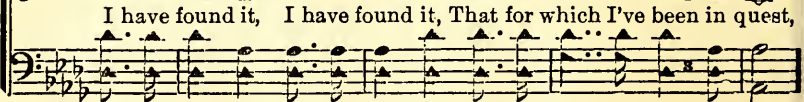
And all tur-moil, care and conflict Are transformed by hope's bright rays.
 Nor a weap-on formed against me Do my peace-ful spir-it harm.
 For the rest is His who gave it, And is kept by grace di-vine.



CHORUS.



I have found it, I have found it, That for which I've been in quest,



I have Found It. Concluded.

ad lib.

Sat - is - fied are all my long - ings, Now I've found His prom - ised rest.

No. 67. Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my par - don this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans - ing this my plea— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right - eous - ness— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

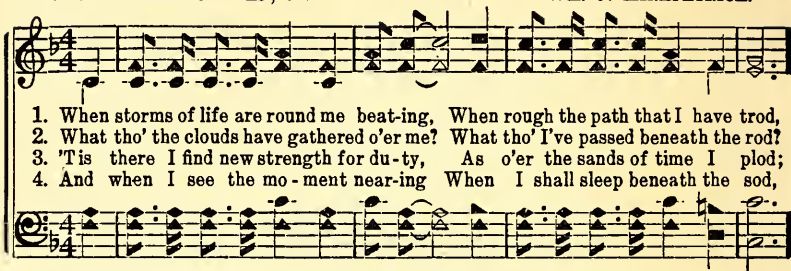
CHORUS.

O pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er Fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When storms of life are round me beat-ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
 2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
 3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod;
 4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,



With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
 God's per-fect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
 I see the King in all His beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
 When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

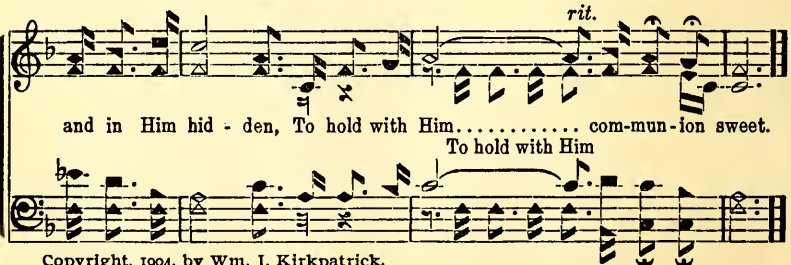
CHORUS.



A-lone with God,..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with
 A-lone with God,



God,..... O blest re-treat! A-lone with God,.....
 A-lone with God, A-lone with God,

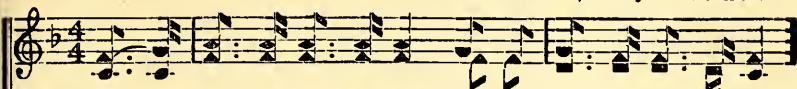


and in Him hid-den, To hold with Him..... com-mun-ion sweet.
 To hold with Him

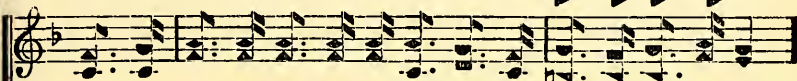
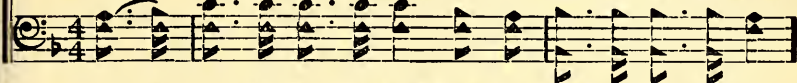
No. 69. We'll Understand It Better.

G. A. T.

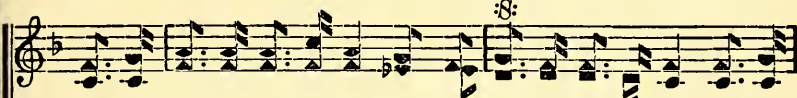
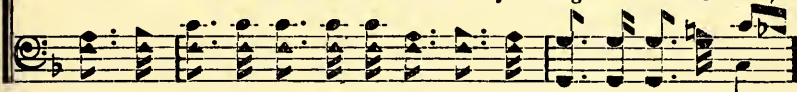
G. A. TINDLEY, arr. by F. A. CLARK.



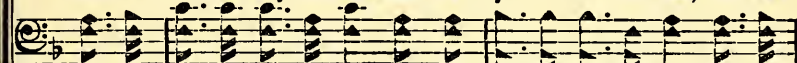
1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de - mands,
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand,
4. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,



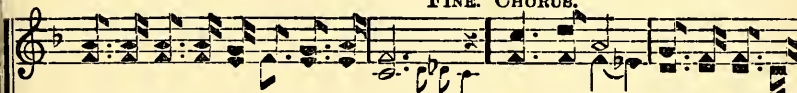
Som - bre skies and howl - ing tem - pests oft suc - ceed a bright sun - shine,
Want of food and want of shel - ter, thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands,
All the ways that God would lead us to that bless - ed Promised Land;
And our hearts are made to bleed for man - y a thoughtless word or deed,



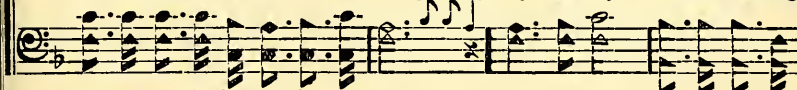
In that land of per - fect day, when the mists have rolled a - way, We will
We are trust - ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will
But He guides us with His eye, and we'll fol - low 'till we die, For we'll
And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll



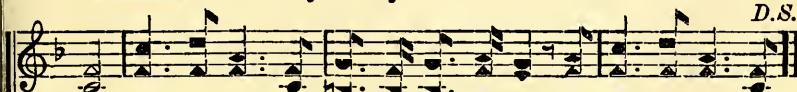
D.S.—how we've o - ver - come; For we'll
FINE. CHORUS.



un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. by and by. By and by when the morning

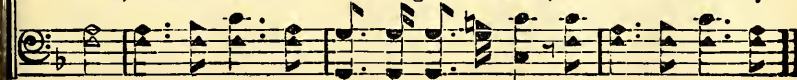


un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.



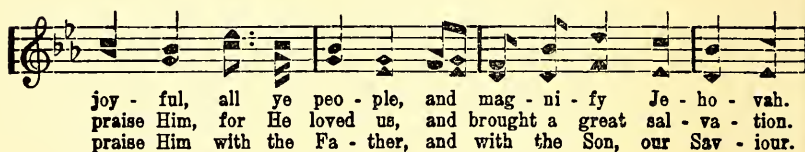
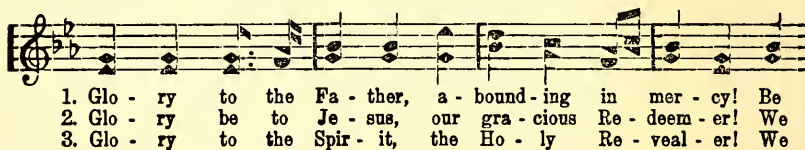
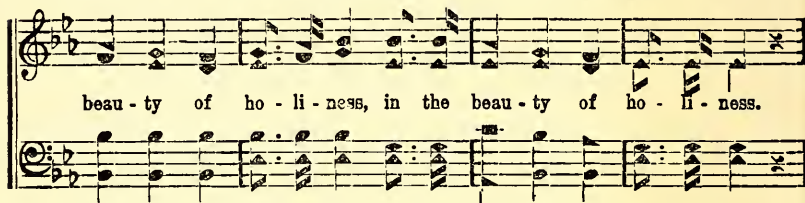
D.S.

comes, When the saints of God are gath - ered home, We'll tell the sto - ry



R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Brightly.

CHORUS.



No. 71.

With Banners Waving.

I. G. M.

I. G. MARTIN.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o - ver land and sea, Ye sol-diers of the
 2. Buck - le on the ar - mor, then un - sheath the sword, And forward in - to
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man is found, Pro-claim sal - va - tion
 4. There's a crown a - wait - ing ev - 'ry sol - dier true, Who'll stand until the

cross be true; Tho' the foe be might - y, on the Lord re - ly, And
 bat - tle go; Wave the roy - al ban - ner, trust - ing in the Lord, And
 full and free; That the souls who now are by the ty - rant bound, May
 vic - t'ry's won; Let us then be faith - ful to the Lord of hosts, Un -

CHORUS.

he will bring you safely through.
 he will put to flight the foe.
 all be set at lib - er - ty.
 til we hear the words "Well done." } With ban - ners wav - ing we will for - ward

go; In the name of Je - sus we will rout the foe; for the Lord Je -

ho - vah will our Cap - tain be, And lead us on to vic - to - ry.

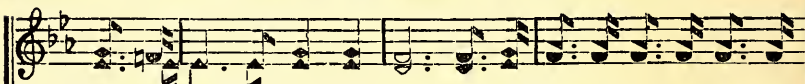
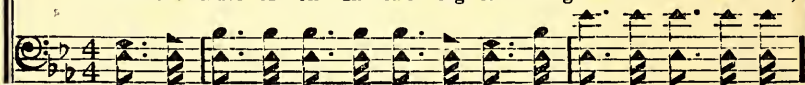
No. 72. Bring Your Vessels, Not a Few.

Mrs. O. H. M.

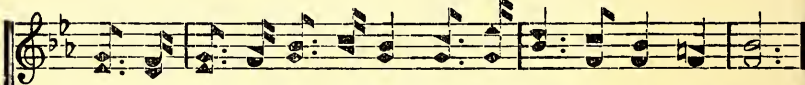
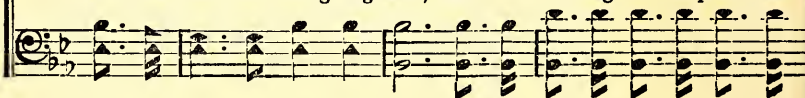
Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.



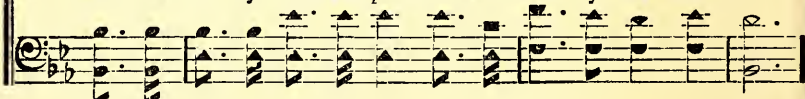
1. Are you long - ing for the full - ness of the bless - ing of the Lord
2. Bring your emp - ty earth - en ves - sels, clean thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
3. Like the cruse of oil un - fail - ing is His grace for - ev - er - more,



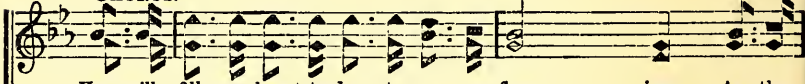
In your heart and life to - day? Claim the prom - ise of your Fa - ther,
Come ye need - y, one and all; And in hu - man con - se - cra - tion
And His love un - chang - ing still; And ac - cord - ing to His prom - ise



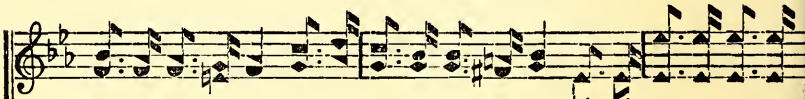
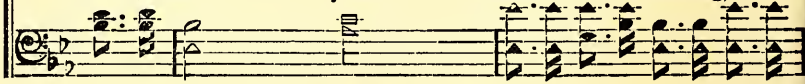
come ac - cord - ing to His word; In the bless - ed old time way.
wait be - fore the throne of God, Till the Ho - ly Ghost shall fall,
with the Ho - ly Ghost and pow'r He will ev - 'ry ves - sel fill.



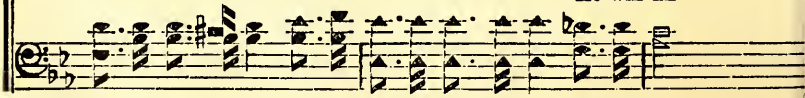
CHORUS.



He will fill your heart to-day to o - ver-flow - - ing, As the
He will fill your heart to o - ver-flow-ing,



Lord commandeth you, "Bring your vessels, not a few;" He will fill your heart to -
He will fill



Bring Your Vessels, Not a Few. Concluded.

day to o - ver - flow - - ing With the Ho - ly Ghost and pow'r.
your heart to o - ver-flow-ing

No. 73. He Answers Every Prayer.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. A - way with doubt, a - way with fear, I know my God is al-ways near; I
2. The bil - lows high a - round me roll, In His own hand He keeps my soul; In
3. Let storm-clouds roll a - bove my head, They're fill'd with blessings He will shed; I'll
4. In life or death my song shall be, The might-y God still cares for me; Let

CHORUS.

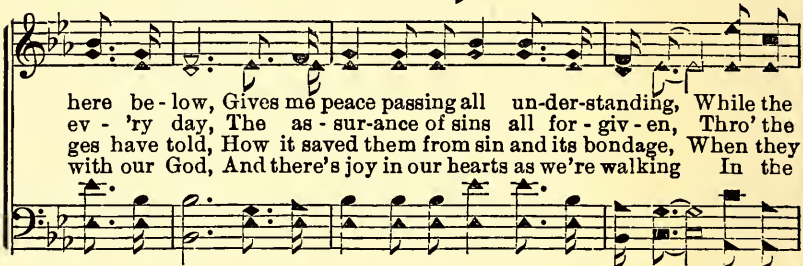
lay on Him my ev-'ry care, For He answers ev-'ry prayer.
Him I trust, no matter where, For He answers ev-'ry prayer. } He ans-wers ev - 'ry
have for these no anxious care, For He answers ev-'ry prayer.
tri-als come, what need I care? For He answers ev-'ry prayer.

pray'r, To some He says "Yes," to oth-ers "No," To some He says "Stay," to
ev - 'ry pray'r.

oth-ers "Go," In His own time and way, I know He answers ev - 'ry pray'r.
ev'ry pray'r.

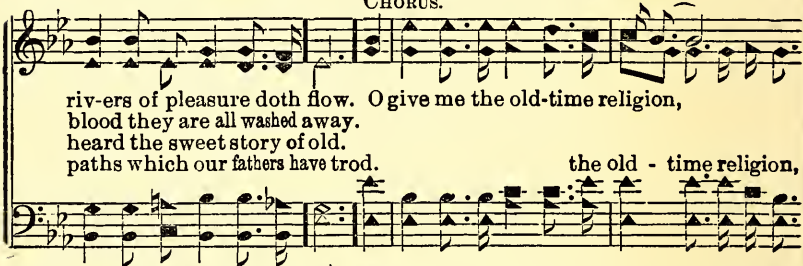


1. I be-lieve in the old-time re - lig-ion, For it saves from all sin
 2. I be-lieve in a heart-felt re - lig-ion, That brings joy to the soul
 3. I be-lieve in a ho - ly re - lig-ion, For the saints of all a -
 4. I be-lieve in the old-time re - lig-ion, For we know we are right

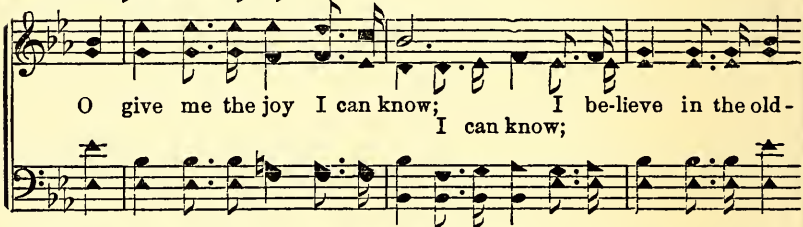


here be - low, Gives me peace passing all un - der - stand - ing, While the
 ev - 'ry day, The as - sur - ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the
 ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bondage, When they
 with our God, And there's joy in our hearts as we're walking In the

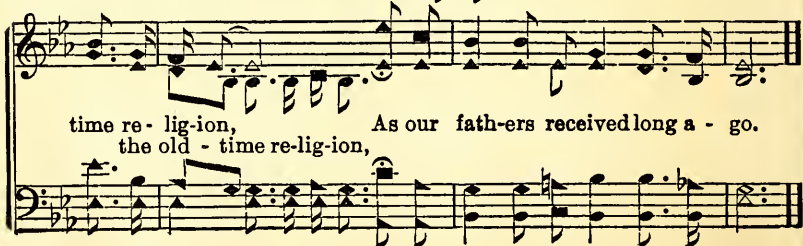
CHORUS.



riv - ers of pleasure doth flow. O give me the old-time religion,
 blood they are all washed away.
 heard the sweet story of old.
 paths which our fathers have trod. the old - time religion,



O give me the joy I can know; I be-lieve in the old -
 I can know;



time re - lig-ion, As our fath - ers received long a - go.
 the old - time re - lig-ion,

No. 75.

My Wonderful Friend.

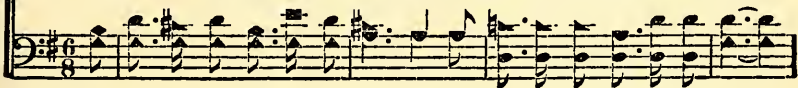
H. L.

Copyright, 1919, by Halder Lillenas

Halder Lillenas.



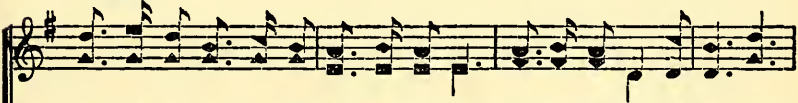
1. I found such a won-der-ful Sav-iour, In Je-sus, my Lord and my King;
2. Sur-pass-ing the love that a moth-er May have for the child of her care;
3. The pleasures the world could afford me Are naught to compare with His joy;
4. When sor-row and pain is my por-tion, When tears of bereavement must fall,
5. When tempests around me are sweeping, My Pi-lot and Guide He will be;



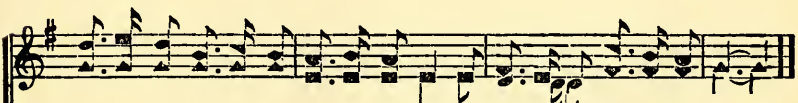
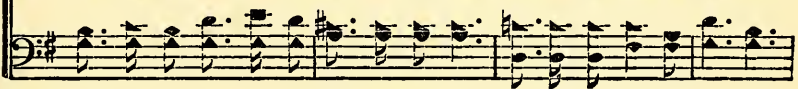
Un-dy-ing and true His de-vo-tion, My heart shall His glad praises sing.
 The love of a sis-ter or broth-er With His we can nev-er com-pare.
 The rap-ture and peace that He gives me, Earth's sorrows can never de-stroy.
 My Sav-iour, my friend and com-pan-ion Will com-fort and keep thro' it all.
 And safe is my soul in His keep-ing, My might-y de-liv-'rer is He.



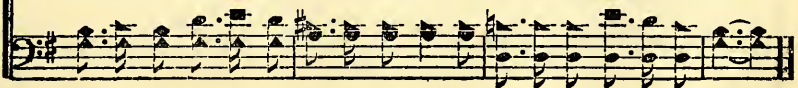
CHORUS.



Oh, what a won-der-ful Sav-iour is He! Con-stant and true is Je-sus;



More than I fan-cied He ev-er could be, Is Je-sus, my won-der-ful friend.



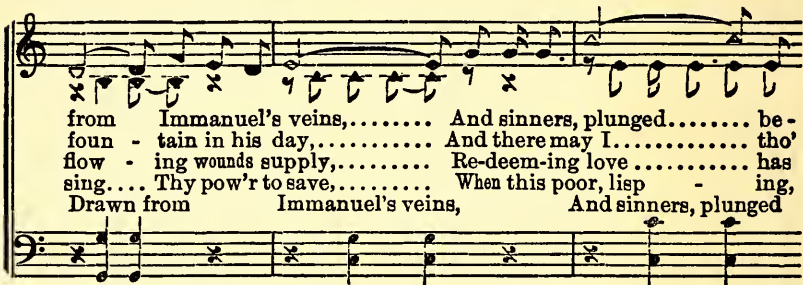
As sung by MISS ESSIE MORRIS and
MRS. WINIFRED CARROLL.

Arr. by MRS. JNO. T. BENSON.

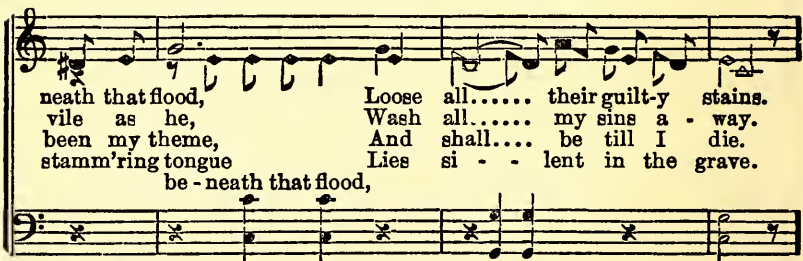
DUET.



1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn
2. The dy-ing thief..... re-joiced to see That
3. E'er since by faith..... I saw the stream Thy
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song I'll
1. There is a foun-tain, filled with blood,

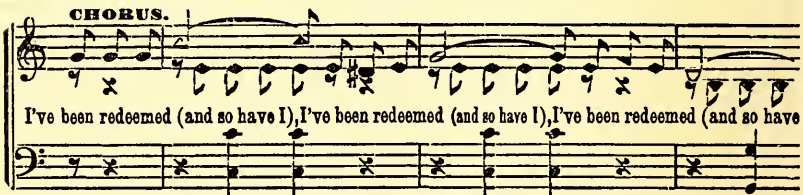


from Immanuel's veins,..... And sinners, plunged..... be-
foun - tain in his day,..... And there may I..... tho'
flow - ing wounds supply,..... Re-deem-ing love has
sing.... Thy pow'r to save,..... When this poor, lisp - ing,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged

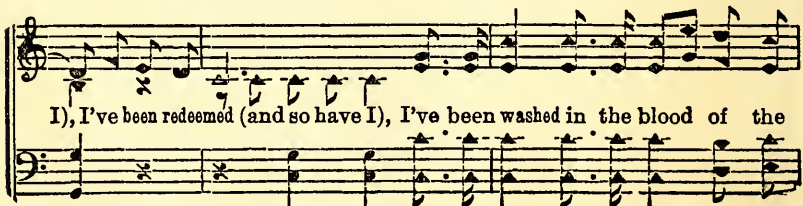


neath that flood, Loose all..... their guilt-y stains.
vile as he, Wash all..... my sins a - way.
been my theme, And shall.... be till I die.
stamm'ring tongue Lies si - - lent in the grave.
be - neath that flood,

CHORUS.

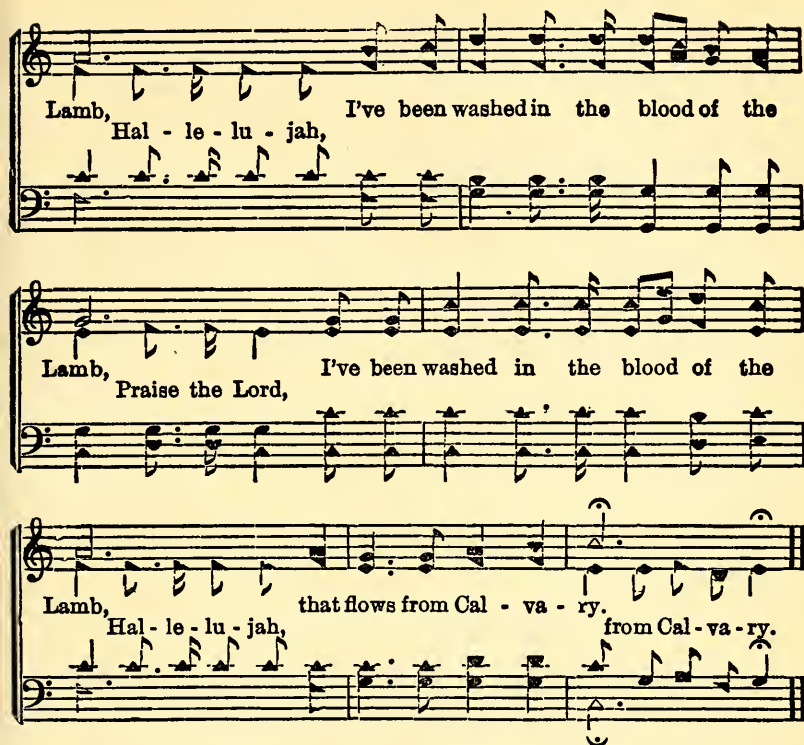


I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and so have



I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been washed in the blood of the

There Is a Fountain. Concluded.



Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah, I've been washed in the blood of the

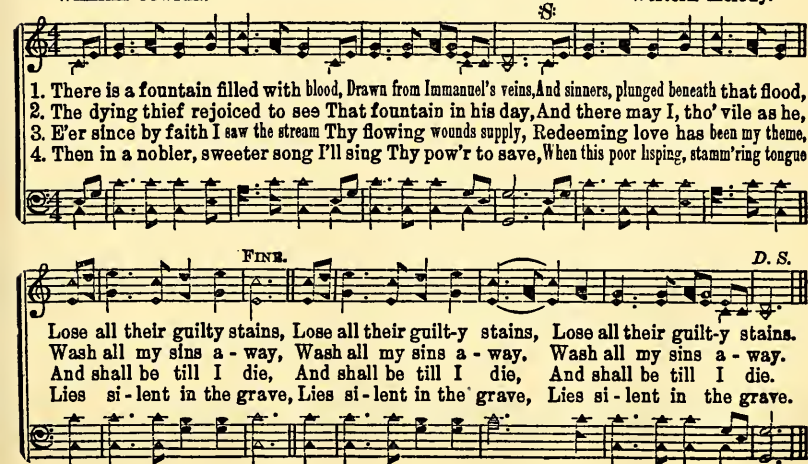
Lamb, Praise the Lord, I've been washed in the blood of the

Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah, that flows from Cal - va - ry. from Cal - va - ry.

No. 77 There Is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.



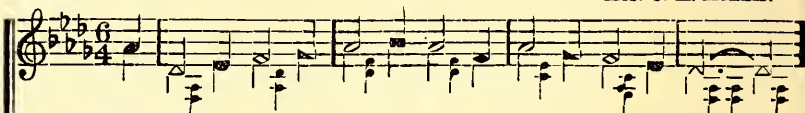
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,
 4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue

LOSE all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way.
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

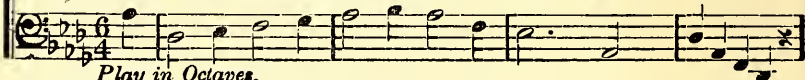
No. 78. "God's Kingdom is at Hand."

Mrs. O. H. M.

Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.



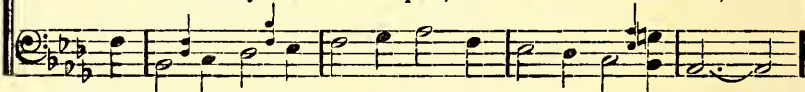
1. Com - mis - sioned by the Lord are we, The glo - rious news to tell,....
2. Why will you long - er jeop - ard - ize Your nev - er dy - ing soul,....
3. With just a few more fleet - ing days, And life's work will be done,...



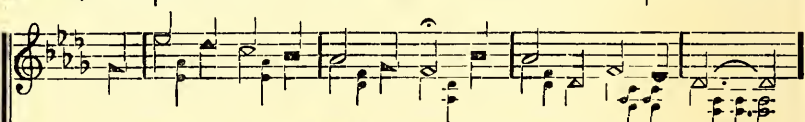
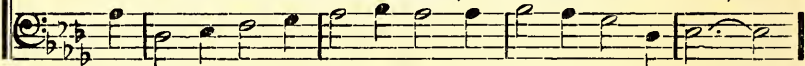
Play in Octaves.



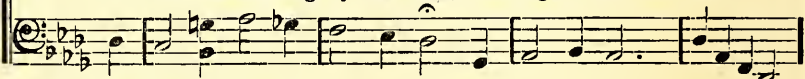
Of God's sal - va - tion full and free, Which saves from sin and hell;....
When Je - sus paid your ran - som price, And waits to make you whole?...
E - ter - ni - ty draws on a - pace, Your race is al - most run;....



Up - on His business here in - tent, We haste at His com - mand,...
It is the Lord from heav'n who speaks, In thunder tones to - day,....
The fin - al con - sum - ma - tion nears, When time shall be no more,...

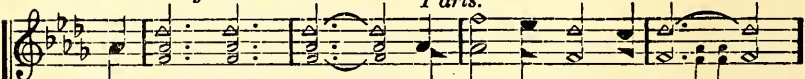


Pro - claim - ing ev - 'ry - where "re - pent, God's king - dom is at hand",.
And bids you now sal - va - tion seek And turn from sin a - way....
We soon the warn - ing cry shall hear, The Judge is at the door....



CHORUS. *f* Unison.

Parts.



We'll tell it out,.... "God's king - dom is at hand;".....



“God’s Kingdom is at Hand.” Concluded.

Unison.

With trump - et shout, “God’s kingdom is at hand,”

Am - bas - sa - dors for Him we go, All up and down the land,
All up and down the land,

Still cry - ing ev - ’ry - where “re - pent, God’s king - dom is at hand.”

No. 79. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.


WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow’r of Je - sus’ name! Let angels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - ra - el’s race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
4. Let ev - ’ry kin - dred, ev - ’ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es -
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall; We’ll join the ev - er -

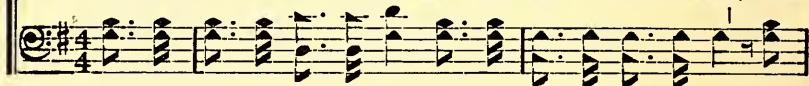
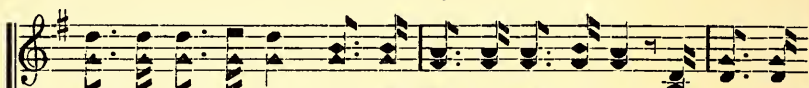
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
Israel’s might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
ty as - scribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
last - ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

I. G. M.


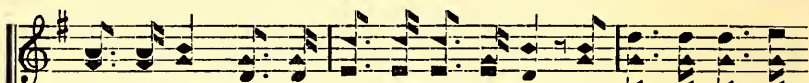
I. G. MARTIN.



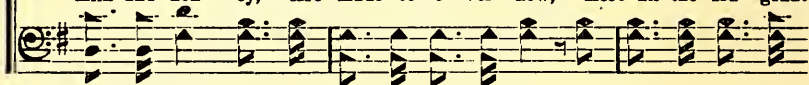
1. When I fled from E-gypt's bond-age, And crossed the rag-ing sea, I
 2. With old E- gypt far be- hind me, The Ca- naan land a- head, I
 3. I am in the land of Ca- naan, This land of corn and wine, The


heard a- bout a coun- try That was re- served for me ; Some said they'd
 start- ed on my jour- ney, By God so strange-ly led ; He brought me
 at- mos- phere is pleas- ant, The fruit is large and fine ; The streams with


seen its moun- tains, Its cool and spark- ling streams, Its hills and vales and
 to the Jor- dan, With Ca- naan now in view, He o- pened up the
 milk and hon- ey, Are made to o- ver- flow, Here all the fra- grant



CHORUS.



fount- ains, O'er which the sun- light gleams.
 wa- ters, And led me safe- ly through. } I'm o- ver the Jor- dan
 flow- ers, In great a- bund- ance grow. }




tide, The wa- ters did there di- vide ; I'm in the land of Ca- naan, A-



Out of Egypt into Canaan. Concluded.

bun-dant-ly sat - is-fied, And now with joy and glad-ness, I'm sing-ing a -

long the way; In fel - low-ship with Je - sus, I'm hap - py night and day.

No. 81. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
 2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
 3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

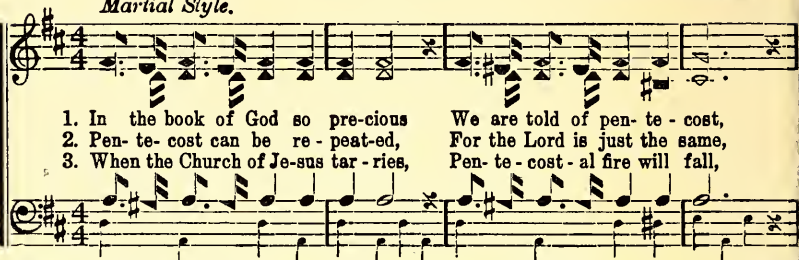
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call.
 ling'r-ing near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'r'er, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost."

No. 82. Pentecostal Fire is Falling.

G. B.

Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

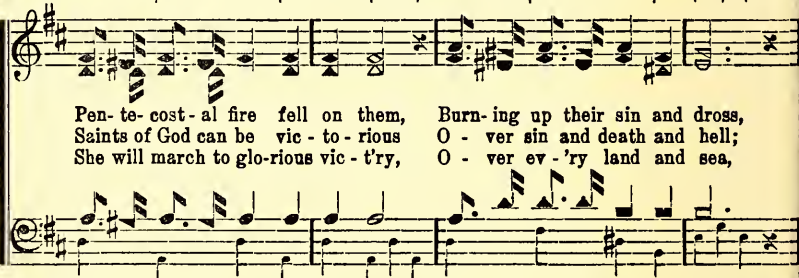
Marital Style.



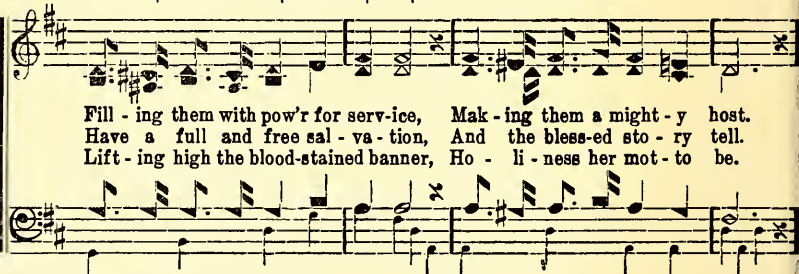
1. In the book of God so pre-cious We are told of pen-te-cost,
 2. Pen-te-cost can be re-peat-ed, For the Lord is just the same,
 3. When the Church of Je-sus tar-ries, Pen-te-cost-al fire will fall,



How the bless-ed Lord's dis-ci-ples Tar-ried for the Ho-ly Ghost.
 Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-ev-er, Glo-ry to His pre-cious name!
 Sin and wrong will be de-feat-ed, Sin-ners on the Lord will call.



Pen-te-cost-al fire fell on them, Burn-ing up their sin and dross,
 Saints of God can be vic-to-rious O-ver sin and death and hell;
 She will march to glo-rious vic-try, O-ver ev-'ry land and sea,



Fill-ing them with pow'r for serv-ice, Mak-ing them a might-y host.
 Have a full and free sal-va-tion, And the bless-ed sto-ry tell.
 Lift-ing high the blood-stained banner, Ho-li-ness her mot-to be.

CHORUS.



Pen-te-cost-al fire is fall-ing, Praise the Lord, it fell on me,

Pentecostal Fire is Falling. Concluded.

Pen - te - cost - al fire is fall - ing, Broth - er, it will fall on thee.

No. 83.

I Am His.

Mrs. M. A. S.

Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.

1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, And His blood was shed for me,
 2. Je - sus came my debt to pay, Came to wash my sins a - way;
 3. I no more am Sa - tan's slave, He may roar and He may rave,

Je - sus died And His blood

And with Him I'll ev - er be, For I am His.
 Now He keeps me ev - 'ry day, For I am His.
 But the blood has pow'r to save, And I am His.

And with Him

CHORUS.

I am His..... for He has sought me, And from bond - - age He has
 I am His And from bondage

brought me, With His own precious blood He has bought me, And I am His.

No. 84.

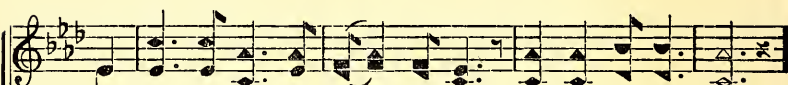
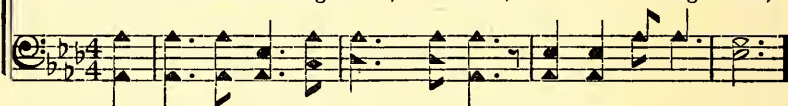
Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



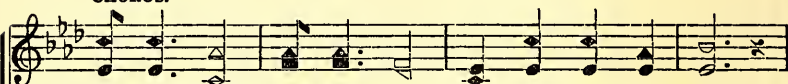
1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



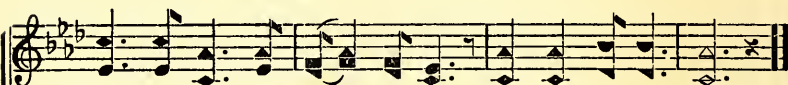
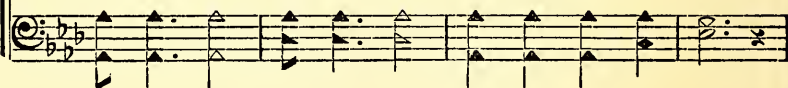
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 O wash me whi - ter than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



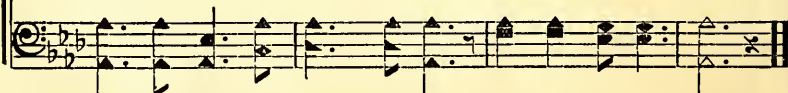
CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



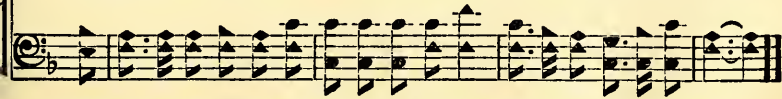
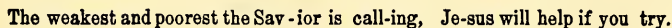
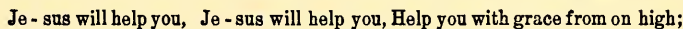
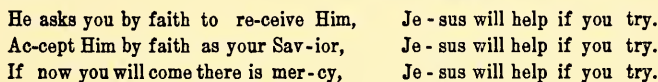
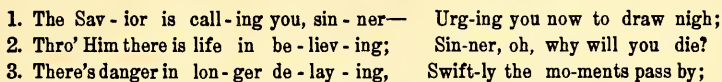
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



Jesus Will Help You.

WM. STEVENSON.

R. LOWRY.



W. G.

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REV. WILLIAM GRUM.

1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
 2. Da - vid with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field
 3. Dan - iel pray'd un-to the Lord thrice each day, Then un - to the li-on's den
 4. Of - ten with the car-nal mind I was tried, Ask-ing for de - liv - er-ance
 5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's river cold and dark

firm - ly trod; Trust-ing in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
 all a - lone; Trust-ing in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
 led the way; Trust-ing in the Lord, He did not fear nor dread, By faith he
 oft I cried; Trust-ing in the Lord, I reckoned I was dead, By faith I
 I may stand; Trust-ing in the Lord, I will not fear nor dread, By faith I

CHORUS.

saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic-to - ry a-head! Vic-to - ry a - head!
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 see the vic - to - ry a - head.

Thro' the blood of Je - sus, Vic - to - ry a-head; Trusting in the Lord, I

feel the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head!

No. 87

We'll Girdle the Globe

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60 : 8.

V. A. DAKE.

ADA M. DAKE.

1. Behold the hands . . . stretched out for aid, . . . Darkened by
 2. In heathen lands . . . they watch and wait . . . And sigh for
 3. Oh, flash the ti - dings! shout the sound, . . . In darkest
 4. The watchfires kin - dle far and near, . . . In ev-'ry

Behold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin . . . and sore dis - mayed; . . . Oh, will you
 help . . . which comes so late, . . . And grope in
 lands . . . the world a - round, . . . Till all the
 land . . . let them ap - pear, . . . Till burn-ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,

to . . . their rescue go, . . . Lost wand'ers down to endless woe?
 sin . . . and nature's night, . . . For-ev-er vain-ly seeking light.
 earth . . . from pole to pole, . . . Shall full Salvation echoes roll.
 lines . . . of gospel fire, . . . Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'ers down to endless woe?

CHORUS.

We'll girdle the globe with salvation, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall illumine each nation, The light from the lamp of His word.

No. 88.

The Pearly White City.

A. F. I.

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler.

ARTHUR F. INGLES.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
 2. No sin is al-low'd in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
 3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er mois-ten the eye;
 4. My lov'd ones are gath-er-ing yon-der, My friends are fast passing a-way,

John saw it de-cend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos in ex - ile he, trod;
 No pain and no sickness can. en-ter, No crape in that cit - y is seen;
 There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold,
 Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied, whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
 They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past,

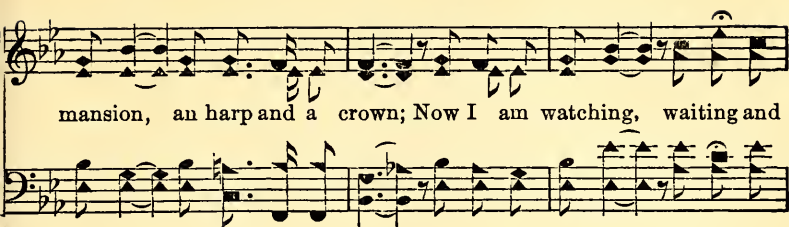
rit. ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev - er are spoken, There's nothing to hurt and de-stroy.
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
 They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright cit - y, pearl - y white cit - y, I have a

The Pearly White City. Concluded.



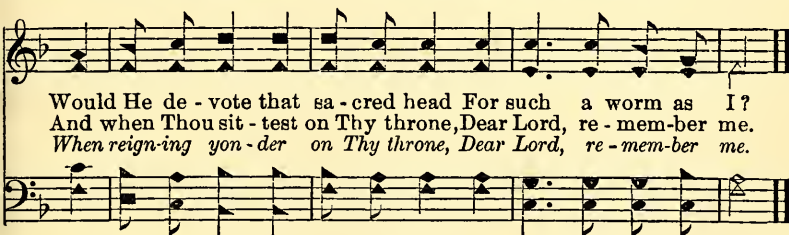
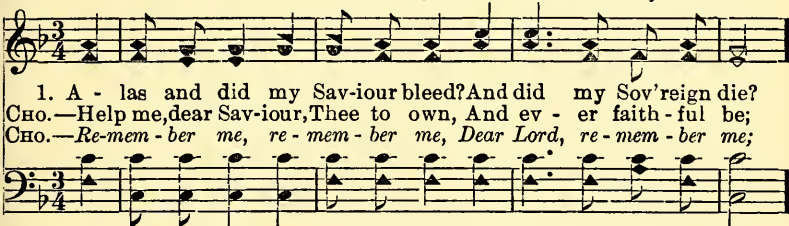
No. 89.

Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

Used by per.

Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> |
| <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.</p> | <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.</p> |

N. B. H.

N. B. HERRELL.

1. When your soul is wea-ry with a load of care, Steal away with Jesus a -
 2. When your faith is test-ed by a foe un-seen, Steal away with Jesus a -
 3. When your friends forsake you in the hour of test, Steal away with Jesus a -
 4. If you'd know the val-ue of a soul that's lctst, Steal away with Jesus a -
 5. Trust-ing in the prom-is-es that ne'er can fail, Steal away with Jesus a -

while; He your heart will gladden when you call in pray'r, Steal a - way with
 while; If you'd gain the vic-t'ry, know a joy se-rene, Steal a - way with
 while; He will bear your burdens, give you peace and rest, Steal a - way with
 while; He will plain-ly show you what a price you cost, Steal a - way with
 while; He will sure-ly an-sw'r, cause you to pre-vail, Steal a - way with

CHORUS.

Je - sus a - while. Steal a - way with Je - sus a - while,
 and talk a lit-tle while, Oh!

Steal a-way with Je - sus a - while; He will hear you when you pray,
 and talk a lit-tle while;

He will brighten all your way, Steal a-way with Jesus a - while.
 and talk a lit-tle while.

No. 91.

Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bowed be - neath your bur - den, is there none to share? Wear - y with the
 2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den He will glad - ly share, Are you sad and
 3. Tho' temp - ta - tion meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing
 4. Wear - y heart, He calls you, "Come to Me and rest," Does the path grow

jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour - age, way - worn trav - 'ler,
 wear - y? Je - sus has a care; Well He knows the path - way
 prob - lems which He can ex - plain; Serve Him where He sends you,
 rug - ged? yet His way is best; Leave the un - known fu - ture

Fine.
 heed your Lord's commands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je - sus un - der - stands.
 o'er life's burning sands, Courage, faint - ing pil - grim, Je - sus un - der - stands.
 tho' in dis - tant lands, Do not doubt or ques - tion, Je - sus un - der - stands.
 in the Mas - ter's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un - der - stands.

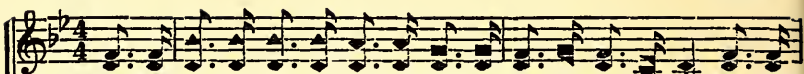
D. S.—in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un - der - stands.
 CHORUS.

Yes, He un - der - stands, All His ways are best; Hear, He
 O yes, O hear,

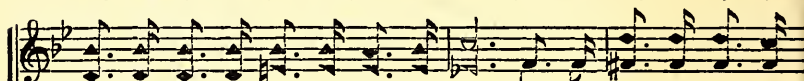
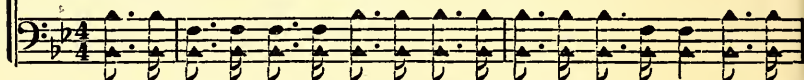
D. S.
 calls to you, "Come to Me and rest;" Leave the un - known fu - ture

C. B. W.

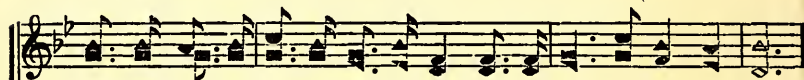
C. B. WIDMEYER.



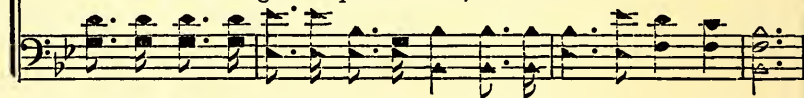
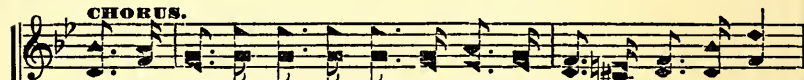
1. When the toils of life are o-ver And we lay our armor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spoken And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed army In the summerland above, And the



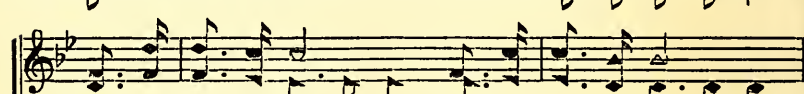
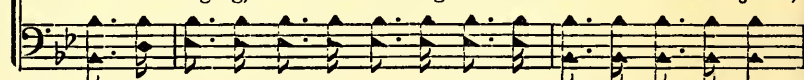
bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test-ings and the tri-als I must go; But I'll trust and glad-ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo-ry fair, Then with bound-ing hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav-iour we be-hold, We will sing and shout for-



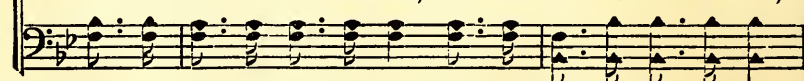
loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
fol - low, For sometime I'll understand, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins away, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
ev - er And we'll grow in per-fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

**CHORUS.**

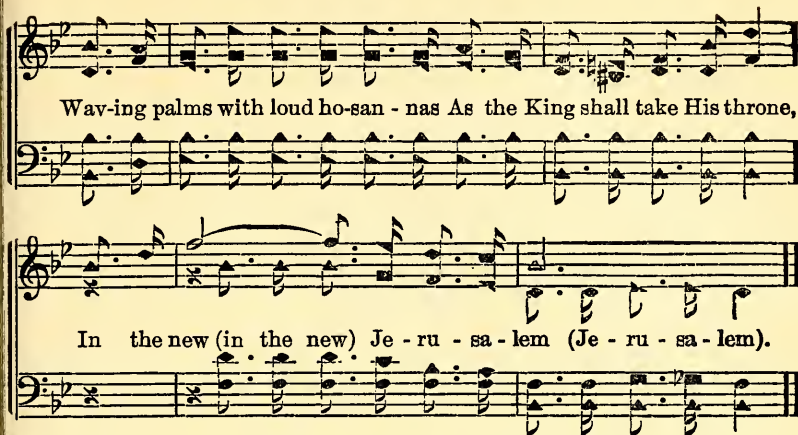
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting When the saints come marching home,



In Je - ru - sa - lem, In Je - ru - sa - lem;
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;



In the New Jerusalem. Concluded.



Wav-ing palms with loud ho-san - nas As the King shall take His throne,

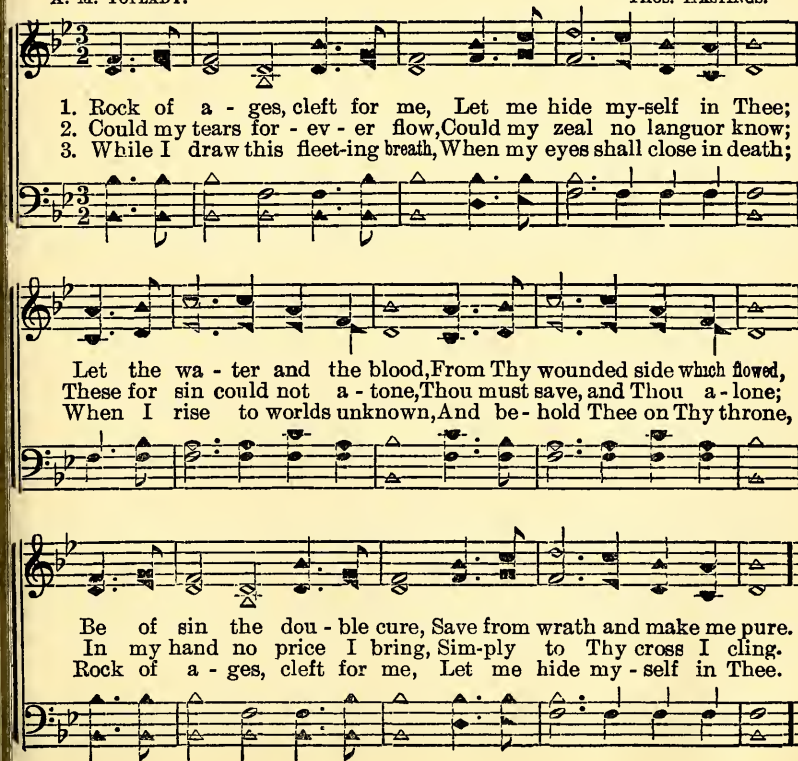
In the new (in the new) Je - ru - sa - lem (Je - ru - sa - lem).

No. 93.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know;
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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G. F. R.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
 fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
 striv - ing with - in? O why not ac - cept His sal -
 pass - ing a - way? Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
 Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
 bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not, why not, Why not come to him now?

Why not, why not, Why not come to Him now?

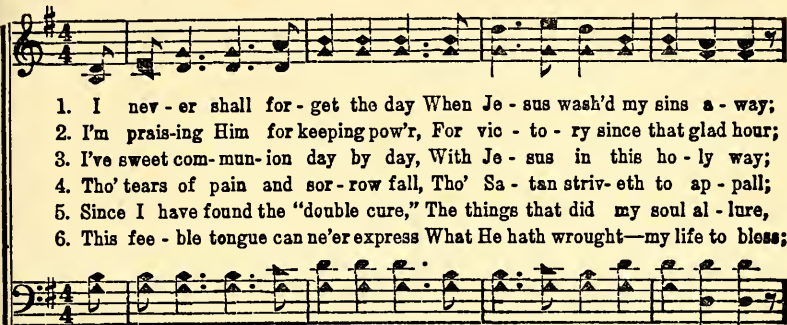
No. 95.

The Glory Song.

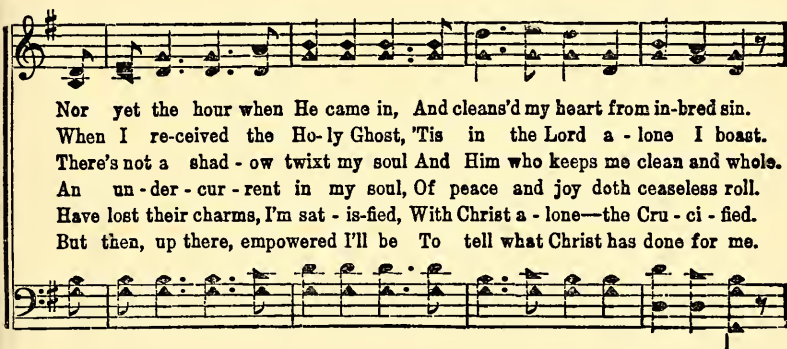
Dedicated to the West Pullman Camp Meeting.

Mrs. JULIA A. WILLIAMS.

I. G. MARTIN.

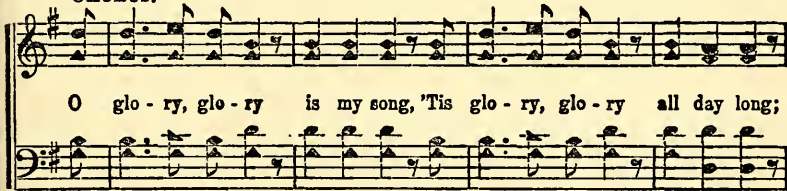


1. I nev - er shall for - get the day When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way;
 2. I'm prais-ing Him for keeping pow'r, For vic - to - ry since that glad hour;
 3. I've sweet com-mun-ion day by day, With Je - sus in this ho - ly way;
 4. Tho' tears of pain and sor - row fall, Tho' Sa - tan striv-eth to ap - pall;
 5. Since I have found the "double cure," The things that did my soul al - lure,
 6. This fee - ble tongue can ne'er express What He hath wrought—my life to bless;

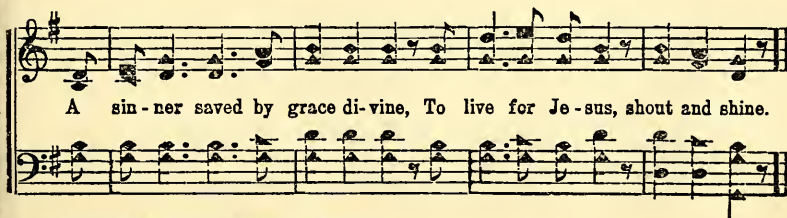


Nor yet the hour when He came in, And cleans'd my heart from in-bred sin.
 When I re-ceived the Ho-ly Ghost, 'Tis in the Lord a - lone I boast.
 There's not a shad - ow twixt my soul And Him who keeps me clean and whole.
 An un - der - cur - rent in my soul, Of peace and joy doth ceaseless roll.
 Have lost their charms, I'm sat - is-fied, With Christ a - lone—the Cru - ci - fied.
 But then, up there, empowered I'll be To tell what Christ has done for me.

CHORUS.



O glo - ry, glo - ry is my song, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all day long;

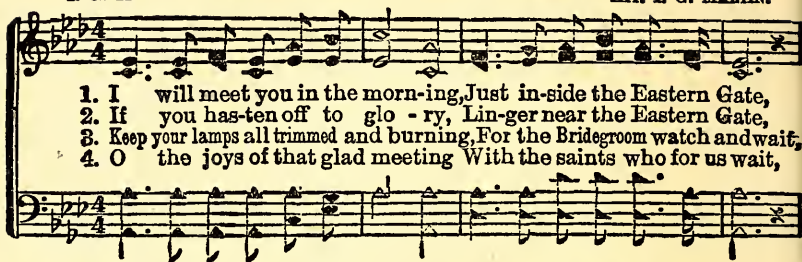


A sin - ner saved by grace di-vine, To live for Je - sus, shout and shine.

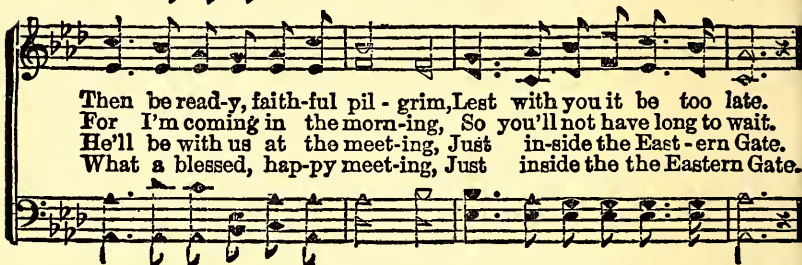
L. G. M.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

Arr. L. G. MARTIN.

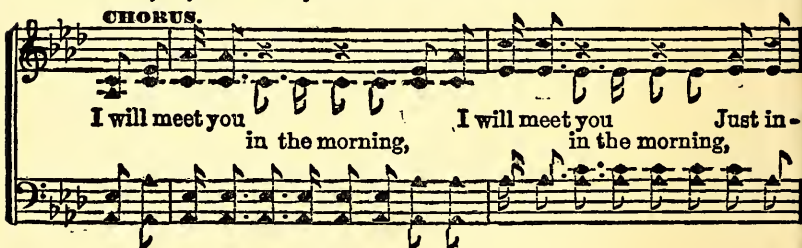


1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the Eastern Gate,
 2. If you has-ten off to glo - ry, Lin-ger near the Eastern Gate,
 3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
 4. O the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

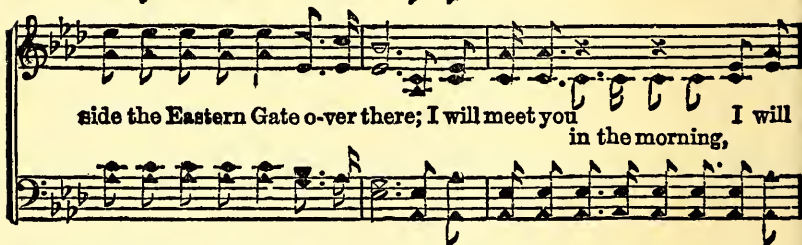


Then be read-y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
 For I'm coming in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
 He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate.
 What a blessed, hap-py meet-ing, Just inside the the Eastern Gate.

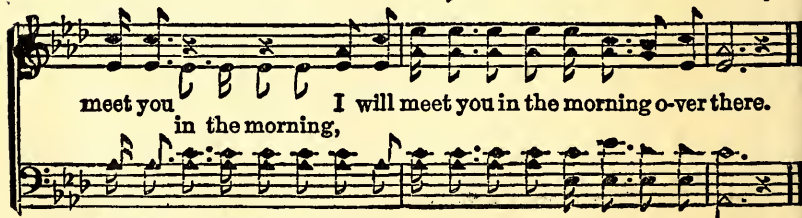
CHORUS:



I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you Just in-
 in the morning, in the morning,



side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you I will
 in the morning,



meet you I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.
 in the morning,

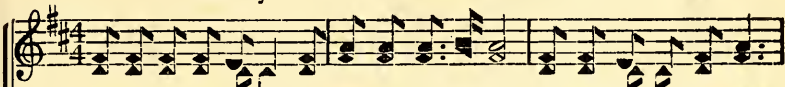
No. 97.

I Believe the Bible.

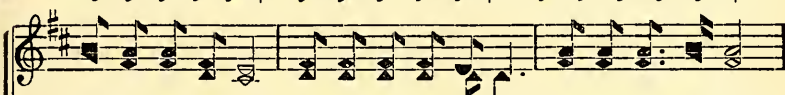
To Rev. G. W. Schurman, Pastor of Pentecostal Church, Lynn, Mass.

E. S. U. 3rd. verse by Rev. G. W. S.

Pastor E. S. UFFORD.



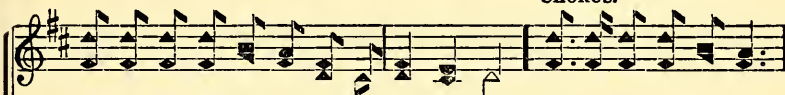
1. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it taught me how to pray, Je - sus heard and answered,
2. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teach-es me to sing Mo - ses' song of vic - t'ry
3. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, of ho - li-ness it speaks, Gracious gift of Je - sus
4. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teach-es me to run In this roy-al high-way
5. Let us live the Bi-ble, and then the world will see We have been with Je - sus



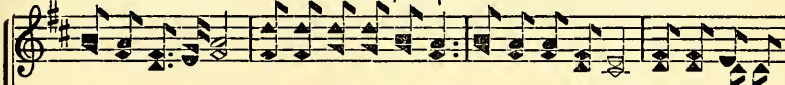
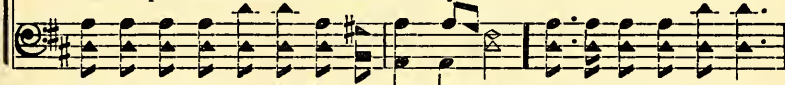
took my sins a - way; Gave me peace and par-don, wrote my name a - bove,
o'er the ty-rant king; Or with Paul and Si-las, mid-night brings re-lease,
to the one who seeks; Tells of keep-ing pow-er 'neath the cleansing flood,
till the prize is won; Shows the crown a-wait-ing, if I win the race,
more like Him to be; With His word a - bid - ing in our hearts made new,



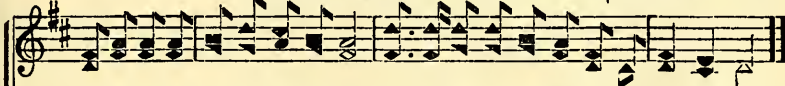
CHORUS.



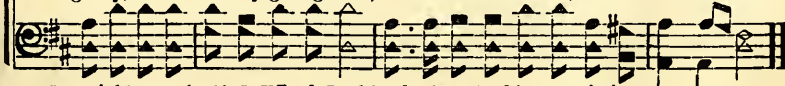
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His won-drous love.
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His per - fect peace.
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for the pre-cious blood. I be-lieve the Bi - ble,
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His sav - ing grace.
That will prove the blessed Book is al - ways true.



O it is di-vine! Heaven's golden sun-light in its pa-ges shine; Lights my way to



glo-ry, and I'm sure-ly go-ing thro'; I be-lieve the Bi-ble, for 'tis ev - er true.

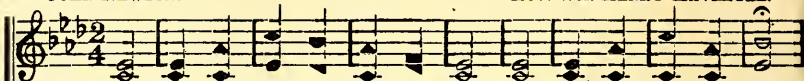


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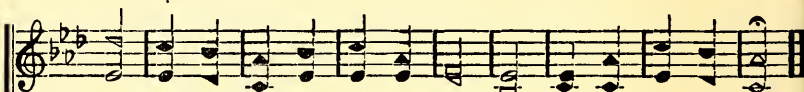
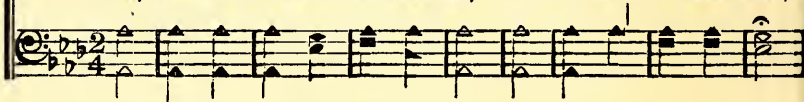
Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON.

Rev. WM. HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

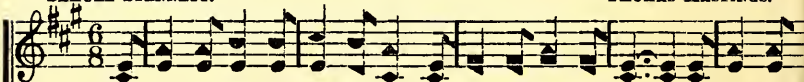


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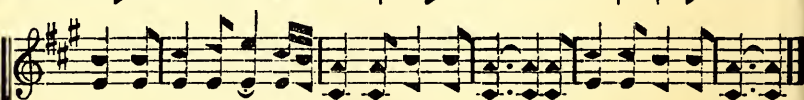
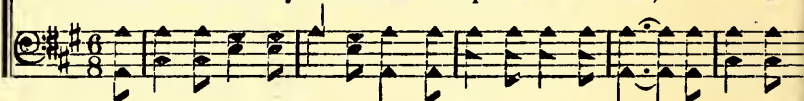
Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

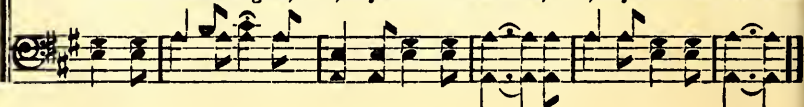
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
5. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a

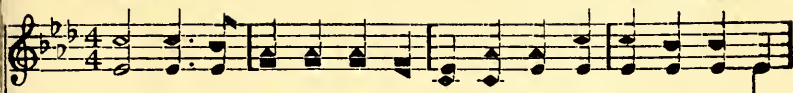


radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
tri-umph o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.



LIZZIE DEARMOND.

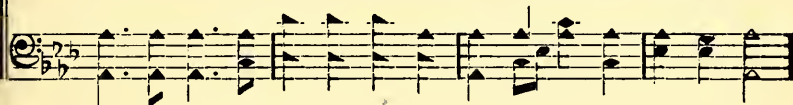
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



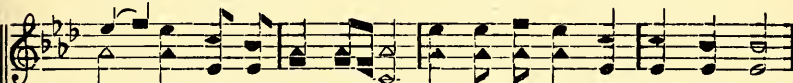
1. Pray, pray when things go wrong, And gloom-y fears a-round you throng; The
2. Pray, pray, be calm and still, What-ev - er comes must be His will; His
3. Pray, pray till faith grows strong, And in your heart rings heav-en's song; Till



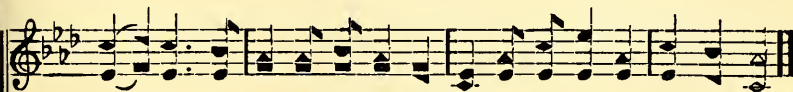
lov - ing God your voice will hear, Look up to Him, He's al - ways near.
 prom - is - es like buds un - fold, Naught that is good will He with - hold.
 self shall die in pure de - sire, And ev - 'ry thought to Him as - pire.



CHORUS.



Pray, pray tho' your eyes grow dim, Go with your troub-les straight to Him;



Pray, pray for God un-der-stands; Have faith, leaving all in His dear hands.



No. 101.

Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

Used by permission.

No. 102.

When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

When I Survey. Concluded.



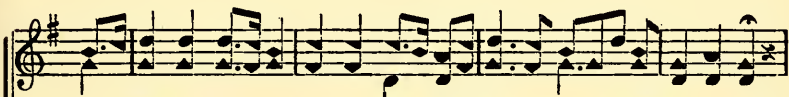
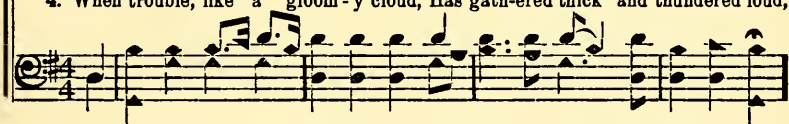
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 103.

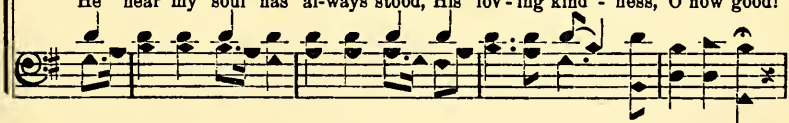
Loving-Kindness.



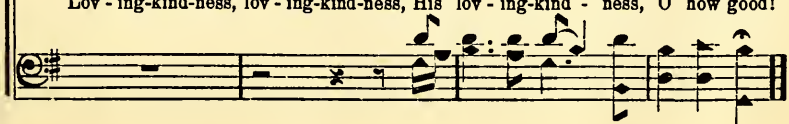
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose;
4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!



Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how free!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how great!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, O how good!



No. 104.

Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the world de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
 3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
 Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

No. 105.

At the Fountain.

1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; I
 2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; Ask,

At the Fountain. Concluded.

CHORUS.

could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour - ney home. Glo - ry to
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour - ney home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.
Last v.—My soul is sat - is - fied.

- 3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

No. 106. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART.

Anon.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy; }
{ True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

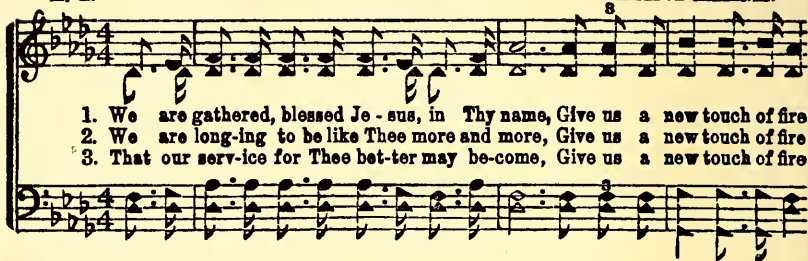
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 107. Give Us a New Touch of Fire.

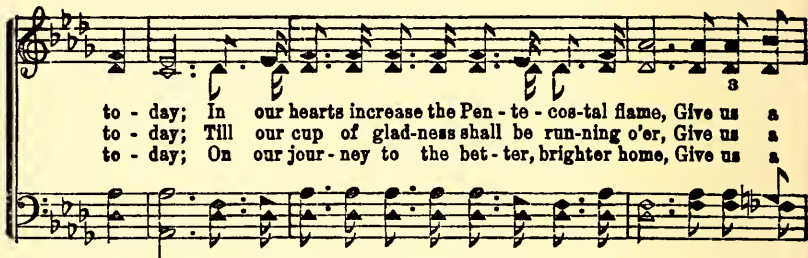
H. L.

Copyright, 1916, by Jas. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

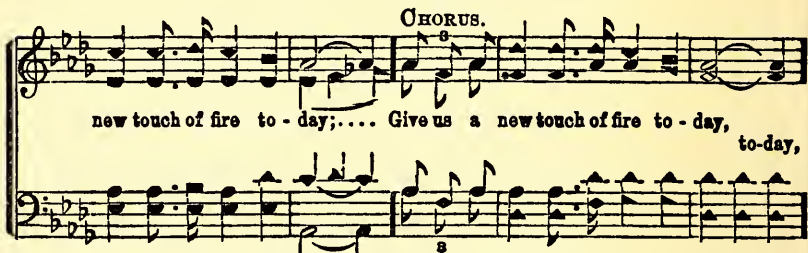


1. We are gathered, blessed Je - sus, in Thy name, Give us a new touch of fire
 2. We are long-ing to be like Thee more and more, Give us a new touch of fire
 3. That our serv-ice for Thee bet-ter may be-come, Give us a new touch of fire

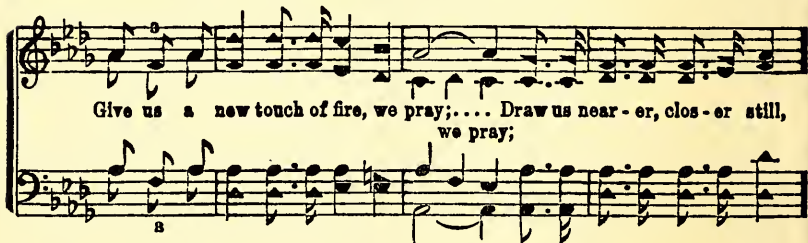


to - day; In our hearts increase the Pen - te - cos-tal flame, Give us a
 to - day; Till our cup of glad-ness shall be run-ning o'er, Give us a
 to - day; On our jour-ney to the bet-ter, brighter home, Give us a

CHORUS.



new touch of fire to - day;.... Give us a new touch of fire to - day, to-day,



Give us a new touch of fire, we pray;.... Draw us near - er, clos - er still,
 we pray;



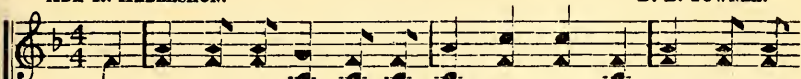
To the cen - ter of Thy will, Give us a new touch of fire to - day.....
 to - day.

No. 108.

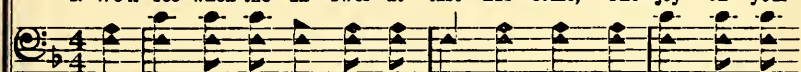
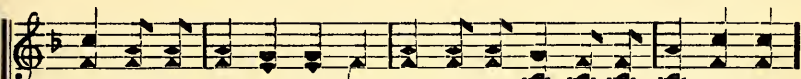
I'm Pleading for You.

ADA R. HAZERSON.

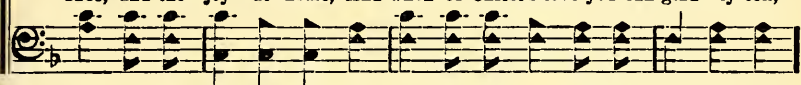
D. B. TOWNER.



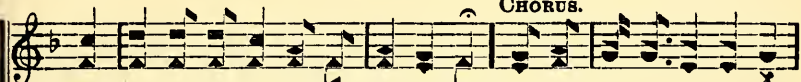
1. I'm plead - ing for you at the throne of grace, I whis - per your
 2. Each pray'r is re - cord - ed and stored on high, For God tak - eth
 3. My pray'r's will be linked to your moth - er's prayers, She poured out, with
 4. We'll see when the an - swer at last has come, The joy on your

name in the ho - ly place; I know that my Fa - ther is list - 'ning there,
 note of the fee - blest cry, And what we have asked He is sure to do,
 tears, all her griefs and cares, 'Tis long, long a - go since you heard her pray,
 face, and the joy at home, And when of Christ's love you can glad - ly tell,





CHORUS.

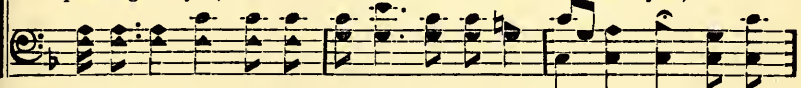



E'en now I am lift - ing my heart in pray'r.
 For I'm not the first who has prayed for you.
 Her pray'r's may be answered with mine to-day.
 For need - y ones you will soon pray as well.

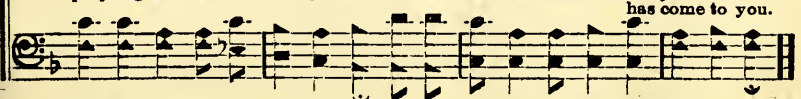
I am plead - ing for you, for

you, I'm plead - ing, plead - ing for you; I am
 pleading for you, for you;

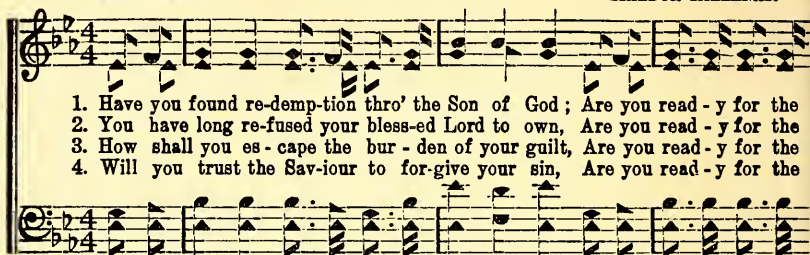
pray - ing still, and I al - ways will, Till the an - swer has come to you.
 has come to you.



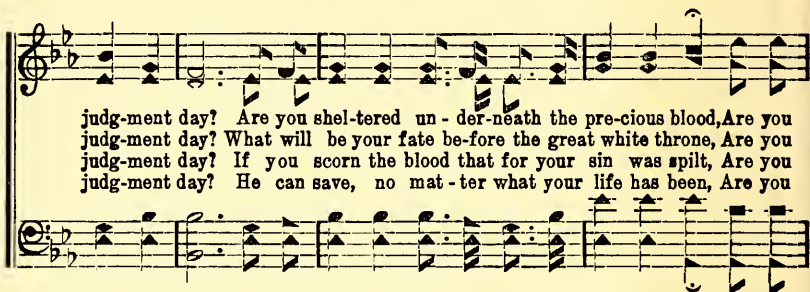
No. 109. Are You Ready For the Judgment Day?

LAVEENE GREY.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

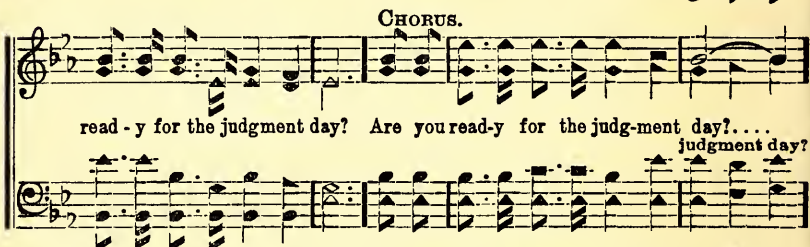


1. Have you found re-demp-tion thro' the Son of God ; Are you read - y for the
 2. You have long re-fused your bless-ed Lord to own, Are you read - y for the
 3. How shall you es-cape the bur-den of your guilt, Are you read - y for the
 4. Will you trust the Sav-iour to for-give your sin, Are you read - y for the



judg-ment day? Are you shel-tered un-der-neath the pre-cious blood, Are you
 judg-ment day? What will be your fate be-fore the great white throne, Are you
 judg-ment day? If you scorn the blood that for your sin was spilt, Are you
 judg-ment day? He can save, no mat-ter what your life has been, Are you

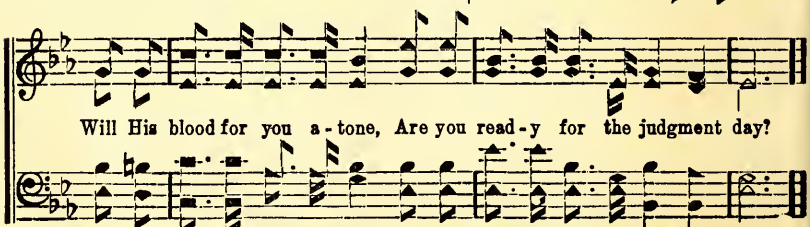
CHORUS.



read - y for the judgment day? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?....
 judgment day?



Are you read-y for the judgment day?.... When you stand be-fore the throne
 judgment day?



Will His blood for you a-tone, Are you read-y for the judgment day?

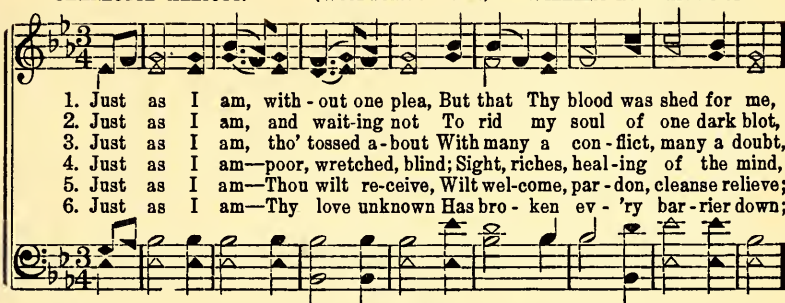
No. 110.

Just As I Am.

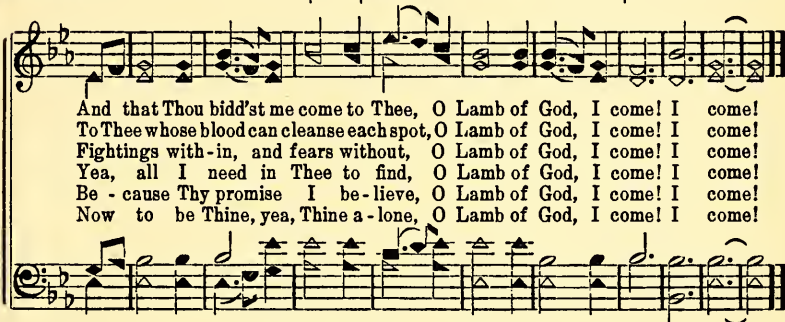
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse relieve;
 6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;



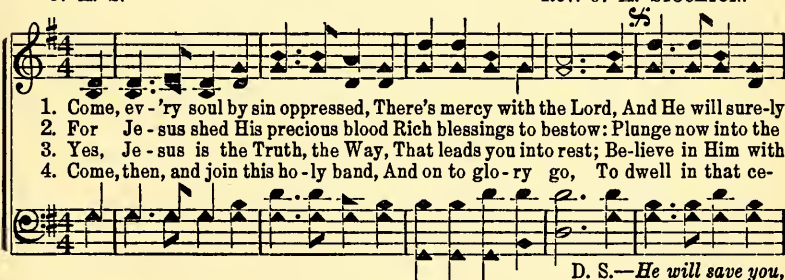
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings with - in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 111.

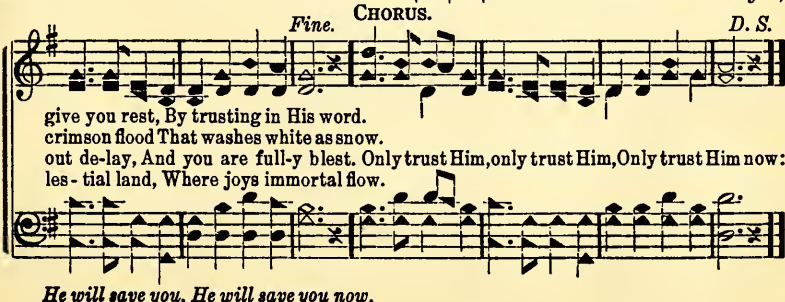
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure - ly
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow: Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Be - lieve in Him with
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce -



Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*
 give you rest, By trusting in His word.
 crimson flood That washes white as snow.
 out de - lay, And you are full - y blest. Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now:
 les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 112. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C.

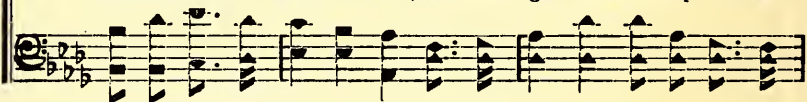
GEO. H. CARR.



1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief we fear, Stands a Book e -
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa - ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav - iour's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E - ter - nal Life, Aft - er faith - ful



ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re -
 Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom - ise cre - ates
 teach - ings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re -
 serv - ice in a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri - umph o - ver



mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
 hope with - in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev - 'ry sin!
 lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con - quor ev - 'ry foe!
 death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of countless tears.



CHORUS.



The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
 The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!



The Old Book and the Old Faith. Concluded.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bulwark of the land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev-'ry clime and na-tion blest;

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (*May be omitted.*)

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!

rit.
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

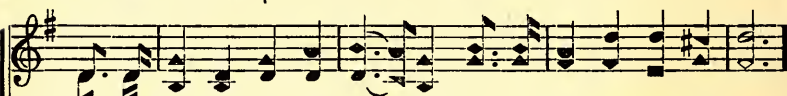
No. 113. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

Psalm 146.

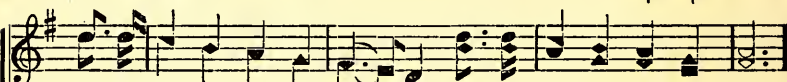
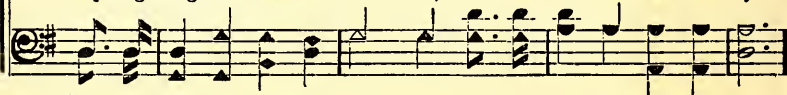
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



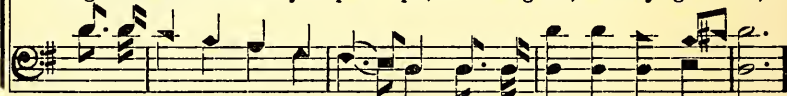
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heav-ens praise His name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com-mand;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and moun-tains high,



Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er he es - tab - lished, His de - cree shall ev - er stand.
Creep - ing things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly.



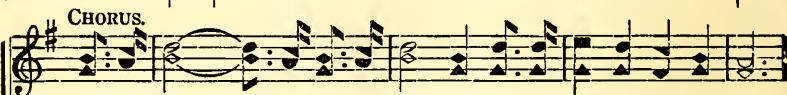
All His hosts to - geth - er praise Him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye drag - ons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princ-es great, earth's judges all;



Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Storm-y winds that hear Him call.
Praise His name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil - dren small.



CHORUS.



Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,
Let them prais-es



Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah! Concluded.

And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed.
 And His glo-ry And His glo-ry

pp *p*

ff

And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.
 And His glo-ry

No. 114. Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,

f *FINE.*

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;..... O
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

No. 115.

I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!
 3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
 4. Sure - ly Thou canst not let me die; O speak, and I shall live;
 5. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see Thy face!

CHO.— I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, with-er shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 O, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul, with-out it, dies.
 And here I will un - wea - ried lie, Till Thou Thy Spir - it give.
 Now let me hear Thy quick - ning voice; And taste Thy pard - ning grace.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 116.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLENDLY.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.— Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.

I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy cross, and fol - low, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 117.

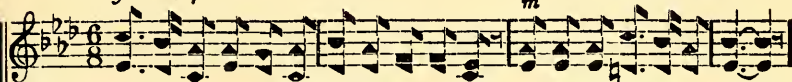
Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

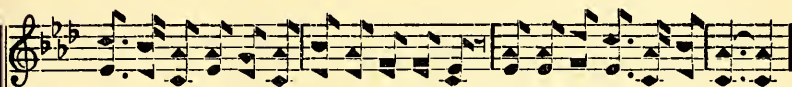
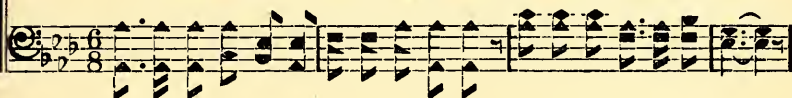
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. p

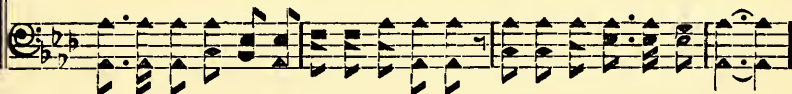
m



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

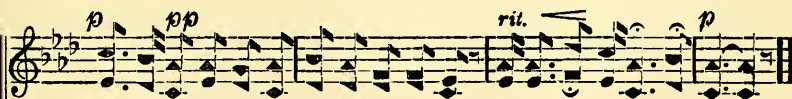
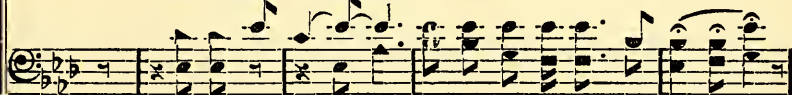


m CHORUS.

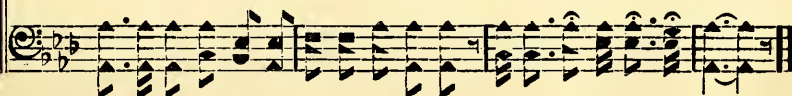
cres.



Come home, . . . come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home; . . .
Come home, come home,



Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!



Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

"Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are under the blood."

NELLIE EDWARDS.

RAN. C. STOREY.

Not too fast.

1. Once in sin's darkest night, I was wand'ring a-lone, A stran-ger to mer-cy I
 2. From my er-rors and faults, Je-sus saves me so free, Amazed that He lift-ed my
 3. I can ne'er un-der-stand, Why He sought even me, Why His life blood on Calv'ry
 4. Now He comes to my heart And re-moves ev'ry care, For He bears all my cumb'ring

stood; But the Saviour came nigh, When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins
 load; O the love and the grace, I re-ceived in its place, When He put my sins
 flowed; But suf-fi-cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins
 load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins

REFRAIN.

un-der the blood. They are cov-ered by the blood, They are cov-ered by the blood,

My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in-iq-ui-ties so vast,
 precious blood,

Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all cov-ered by the blood.
 precious blood.

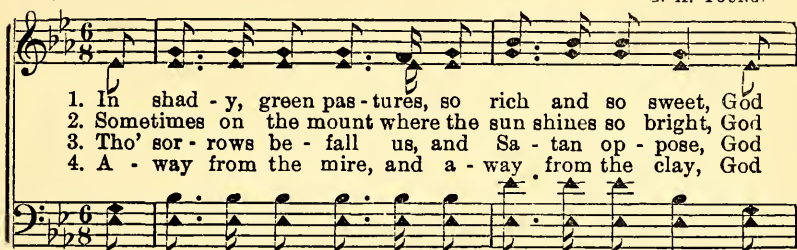
No. 119.

God Leads Us Along.

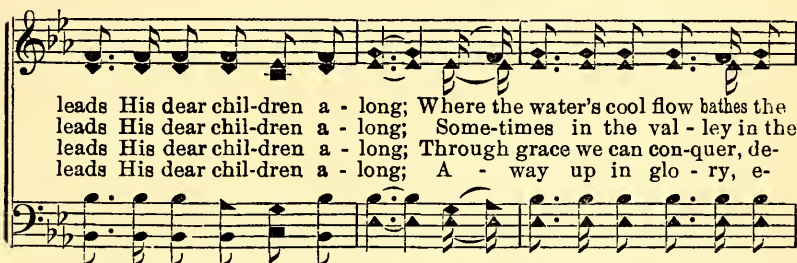
Copyright, 1903, by Purity Pub. Co. O. F. Weigle, owner. Used by per.

G. A. Y.

G. A. YOUNG.



1. In shad - y, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God
 2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God
 3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God
 4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God

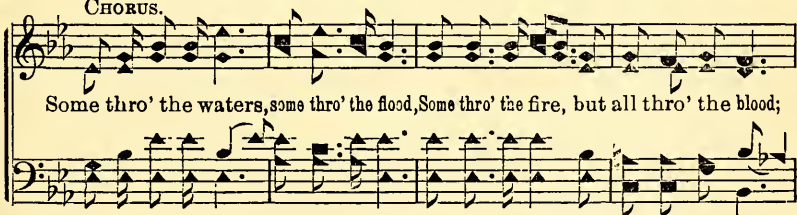


leads His dear chil - dren a - long; Where the water's cool flow bathes the
 leads His dear chil - dren a - long; Some-times in the val - ley in the
 leads His dear chil - dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de-
 leads His dear chil - dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e-



wea - ry one's feet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
 dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
 feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
 ter - ni - ty's day, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.

CHORUS.




Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood;



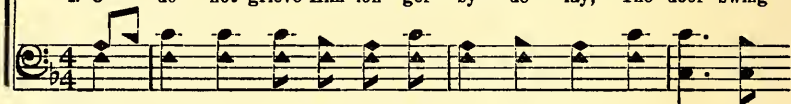

rit.
 Some thro' great sorrow, but God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.

J. M. H.

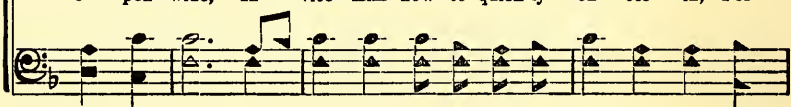
J. M. HARRIS. Cho. arr.



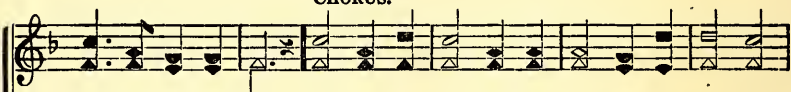
1. The Sav - ior now is stand - ing at the door, He seeks to
 2. Tho' long He's stood and tar - ried there in vain, In love He
 3. Just now ad - mit this glo - rious heav'n - ly Guest, Why lon - ger
 4. O do not grieve Him lon - ger by de - lay, The door swing


en - ter in, And if you'll heed His lov - ing call to - day, He'll
 waits to - day; O hear His pre - cious gen - tle voice that calls, And
 cling to sin? E - ter - nal life and joy He waits to give, To
 o - pen wide, In - vite Him now to quick - ly en - ter in, For -



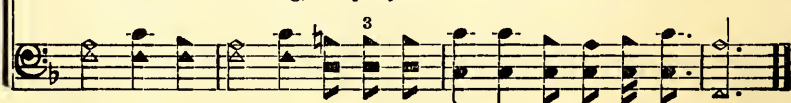
CHORUS.



save you from all sin.
 turn Him not a - way. Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing,
 those who let Him in.
 ev - er to a - bide.



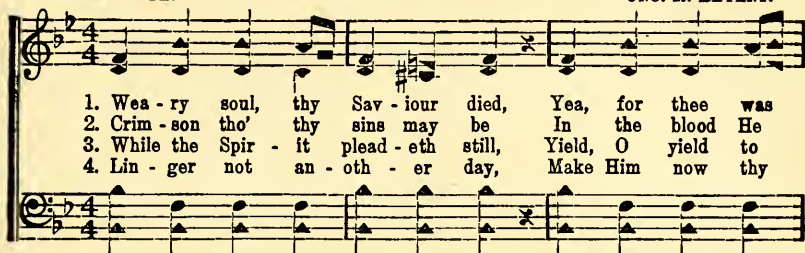

Je - sus is call - ing, O - pen your heart's door wide and let Him in.



No. 121. Won't You Come to Jesus Now?

KATE ULMER.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

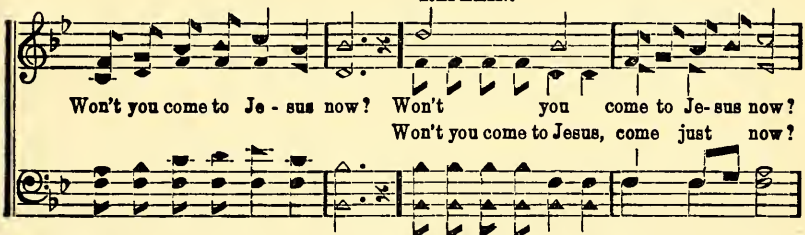


1. Wea - ry soul, thy Sav - iour died, Yea, for thee was
 2. Crim - son tho' thy sins may be In the blood He
 3. While the Spir - it plead - eth still, Yield, O yield to
 4. Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Make Him now thy

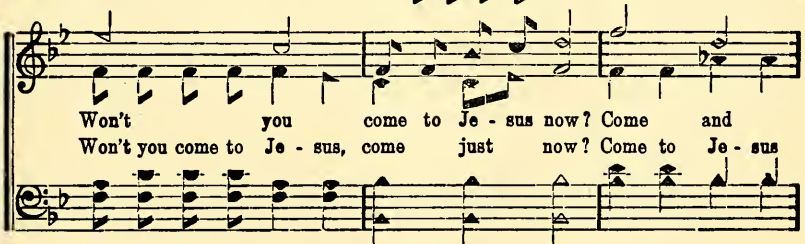


cru - ci - fied, Heav - en's gate He o - pened wide,
 shed for thee, There is cleans - ing full and free,
 Him thy will, Won - drous peace thy heart will fill,
 life and stay, He will keep thee safe al - way,

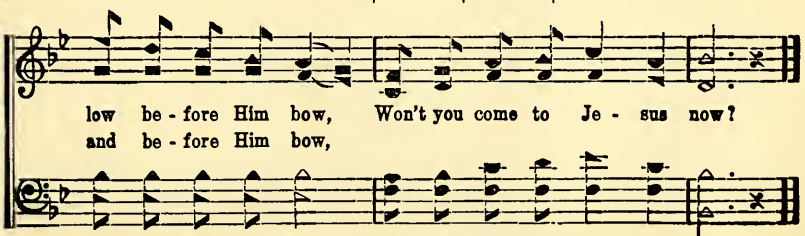
REFRAIN.



Won't you come to Je - sus now? Won't you come to Je - sus now?
 Won't you come to Jesus, come just now?



Won't you come to Je - sus now? Come and
 Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now? Come to Je - sus

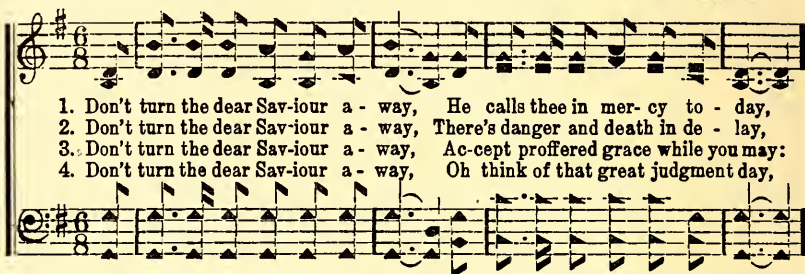


low be - fore Him bow, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
 and be - fore Him bow,

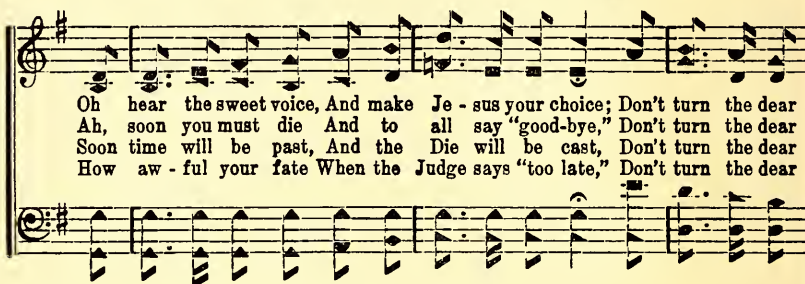
No. 122. Don't Turn Him Away.

Rev. G. B. Chorus arr.

Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

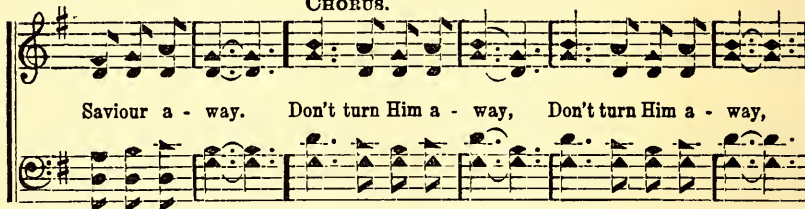


1. Don't turn the dear Sav-iour a - way, He calls thee in mer-cy to - day,
 2. Don't turn the dear Sav-iour a - way, There's danger and death in de - lay,
 3. Don't turn the dear Sav-iour a - way, Ac-cept proffered grace while you may:
 4. Don't turn the dear Sav-iour a - way, Oh think of that great judgment day,



Oh hear the sweet voice, And make Je - sus your choice; Don't turn the dear
 Ah, soon you must die And to all say "good-bye," Don't turn the dear
 Soon time will be past, And the Die will be cast, Don't turn the dear
 How aw - ful your fate When the Judge says "too late," Don't turn the dear

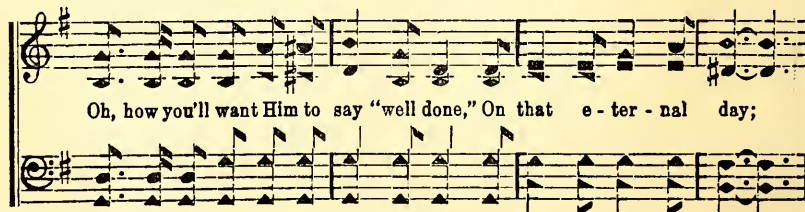
CHORUS.



Saviour a - way. Don't turn Him a - way, Don't turn Him a - way,



Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly Je - sus calls, Tho' you've gone a - stray,



Oh, how you'll want Him to say "well done," On that e - ter - nal day;

Don't Turn Him Away. Concluded.

rit.

Don't turn the Sav - iour a - way from your heart, Don't turn Him a - way.

No. 123. Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment; Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief mo - ment brings your doom nearer; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead - ing high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read - y? Oh! are you read - y, If the Death an - gel should call?
should call?

Say, are you read - y? Oh! are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furled, Full sal -
 3. Is your name, friend, en-rolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
 va - tion pro-claim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world, Tho' the darts thick and fast
 dare now to stand with the Sav-iour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

and the Spir-it's trust-y sword, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
 from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
 and the cov - e - nant re - new? At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.

CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
 tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front. Concluded.

on to vic - to - ry..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar - my, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

No. 125

I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

WM. MILLER

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en - ter there; }
It's glit - t'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'n - ly man - sion shall be mine.
CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

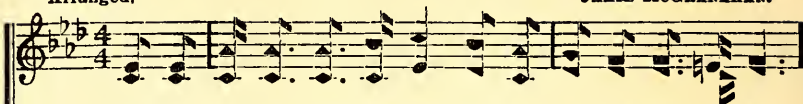
- 2 My Father's house is built on high :
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,

- Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 126. Are You Coming Home Tonight?

Arranged.

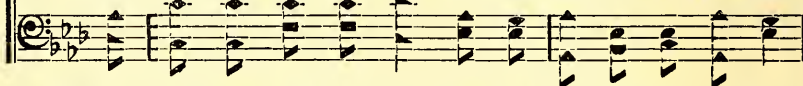
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wand'ers, Whom Je - sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold, your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;
4. Are you com-ing Home, ye wea - ry, Who long for rest and peace;



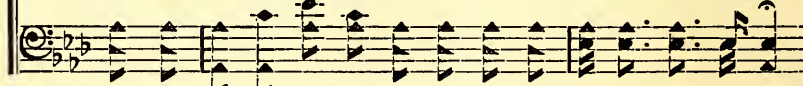
All foot - sore, lame and wea - ry, Your gar-ments stained with sin;
Come, then, no long - er lin - ger, Come, ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in;
Your bur - den has been heav - y, And long you've sought re - lease;



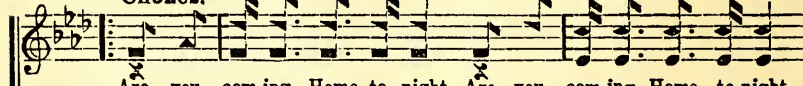
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your gar-ments white;
Will you come and let Him save you; O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Sav - iour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;
Will you now ac - cept of Je - sus, In Him your heart de - light;



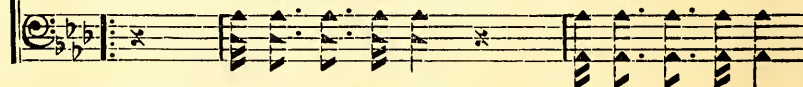
Will you trust His pre - cious promise, Are you com-ing Home to-night?
Will you come while He is call - ing, Are you com-ing Home to-night?
— "Come un - to Me," saith Je - sus, Are you com-ing Home to-night?
Will you ful - ly yield up to Him, Are you com-ing Home to-night?



CHORUS.



Are you com-ing Home to - night, Are you com-ing Home to - night,



Are You Coming Home Tonight? Concluded.

1

Are you com-ing Home to Je-sus, Out of dark-ness in - to light?

2

To your lov-ing, heav'nly Fa-ther, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

No. 127. Why Not Now?

EL. NATHAN.

G. C. CASE.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par-don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

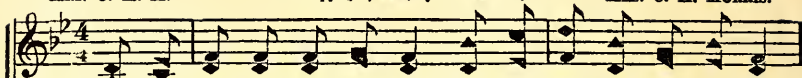
1 2

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

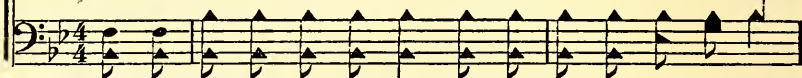
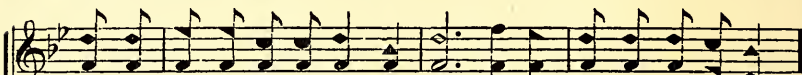
MRS. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1908, by I. G. Martin.

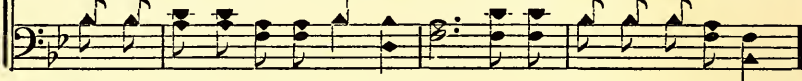
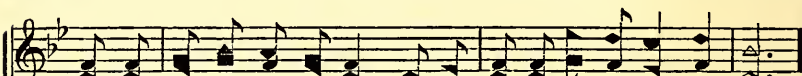
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.




1. There is sanc-ti - fy - ing pow'r like a sweet re-fresh-ing show'r
 2. I'm so glad it reach-es me, all un-wor-thy tho' I be,
 3. This God's will for you and me, that we sanc-ti - fied should be,
 4. Songs of prais-es let us sing to our bless-ed Lord and King,

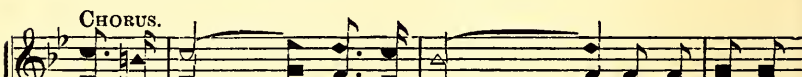
Wait-ing for each con-se-crat - ed heart; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
 O - ver-coming grace made freely mine; Since the Com-fort-er a - bides,
 Dwell-ing in this land of plenteousness; Fling your doubts and fears aside,
 For this great sal - va-tion, rich and free; Ev-'ry need-ed grace supplied,



pow'r to keep us pure within, Pow'r for service which He will im-part.
 and with - in my heart resides, I am walking in the light di - vine.
 bold-ly cross the Jordan's tide, And your her-i-tage in Christ possess.
 ev - 'ry long-ing sat - is-fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.



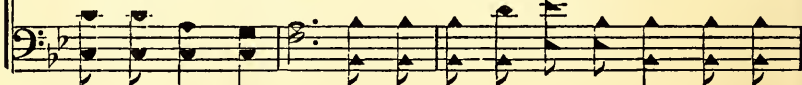
CHORUS.



I'm so glad,..... I'm so glad,..... For this sav-ing,
 I'm so glad, Hal - le - lu-jah, I'm so glad,

sanc-ti - fy - ing pow'r; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a



Sanctifying Power. Concluded.



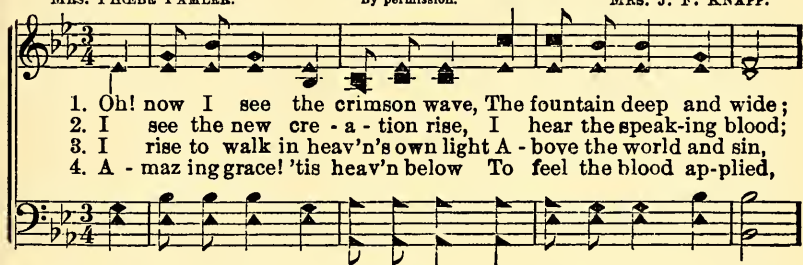
bides within my soul, I'm so glad for this sanc-ti - fy - ing pow'r.

No. 129. The Cleansing Wave.

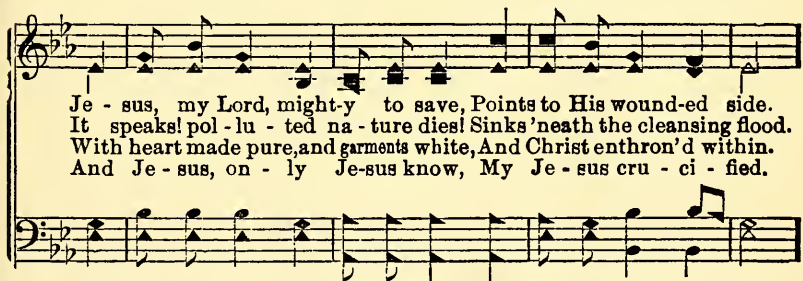
MRS. PHEBE PAMLER.

By permission.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

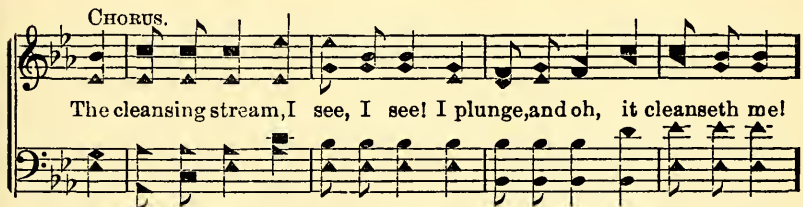


1. Oh! now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light A - bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz ing grace! 'tis heav'n below To feel the blood ap-plied,

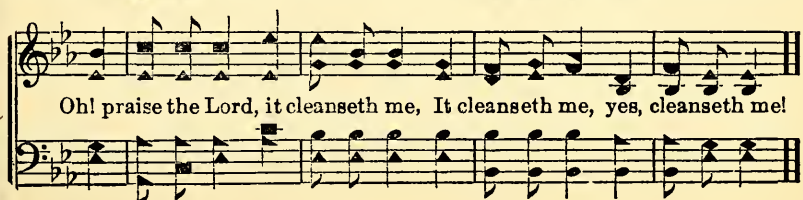


Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
It speaks! pol - lu - ted na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

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Titles in SMALL CAPS. First lines in Roman.

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"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."—ACTS 3:19.



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